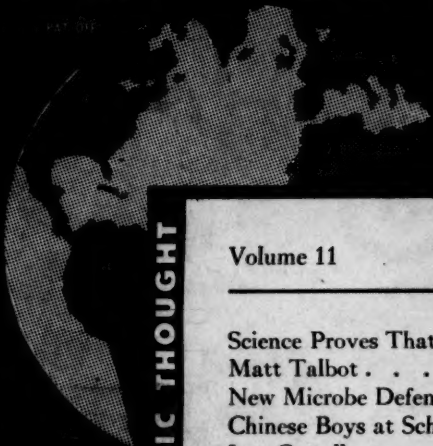


Catholic Digest



THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

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For this is our faith: this resurrection bestowed upon the flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ is what is promised to us, and was shown beforehand in Him as an example of what we are to expect. For He wished not only to foretell, but even to demonstrate to us, what He had promised should come to us at the last.

St. Augustine in Matins for the 3rd Sunday after Easter.

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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Argument from the dice box

Science Proves That God Exists

By LECOMTE DU NOÛY

Condensed chapter of a book*

WE CAN make use of the calculus of probabilities to demonstrate mathematically the impossibility of explaining today the beginning of life on earth by pure chance. The calculus of probabilities is the combination of rules which make it possible to express the laws of chance mathematically.

For instance, in the game of heads or tails the number of cases possible is evidently 2 (heads or tails). If the coin is symmetrical, which is usual, the two cases are equally probable. Therefore, the probability that when the coin is thrown up in the air it will come down heads (or tails) is equal to 1 (number of cases favorable to each player) divided by 2, or $\frac{1}{2}$ or 0.5. We will say that the probability of winning in a game of heads or tails is 0.5. In the case of dice, which have six sides, the probability will be $\frac{1}{6}$ or 0.1666. . .

An important point to remember is that, according to the clever phrase of the great mathematician, Joseph Bertrand, "chance has neither conscious-

ness nor memory." At the end of ten throws which have brought tails, the chances that the next throw will again bring tails are the same as after the first throw, and the same for heads. The probability is still $\frac{1}{2}$. That is why, even if it is possible to win or lose in a game of chance, it is mathematically certain that if one plays long enough the winnings and losses will balance themselves, on condition that the game is honest, that chance alone intervenes.

When the event, the probability of which one seeks, consists in the successive appearance of two events, its probability is equal to the product of the probability of the first of these events multiplied by the probability that the second event will take place when the first has taken place.

Let us take a simple example, and ask ourselves what is the probability of throwing the number 5 *twice in succession*, using only one of a pair of dice. The probability of the first event is $\frac{1}{6}$. That of the second is also $\frac{1}{6}$.

*Human Destiny. 1947. Longman's, Green & Co., 55 5th Ave., N. Y. City, 3. 289 pp. \$3.50.

Therefore, the probability of obtaining 5 (or any other number) twice in succession will be equal to $\frac{1}{6} \times \frac{1}{6}$, or $\frac{1}{36}$ or .0277. The probability of obtaining the same number five times in succession is only $\frac{1}{7776}$ or 0.00013. . . . The chance of obtaining it ten times running will be $\frac{1}{60466176}$ (in round numbers) or about 0.000,000,016. It can be seen that the chances decrease rapidly.

Let us now discuss the real meaning of words such as *possible* and *impossible*. Ever since the idea of probability was introduced into physics the words *possible* and *impossible* have naturally been stricken from our scientific language. Any event can be highly improbable, but is always *theoretically* possible except when for simple, structural, logical reasons it is inconceivable, such as the impossibility of throwing 7 with a single die. If the probability of an event is infinitely slight it is equivalent to the practical impossibility of its happening within certain time limits. The theoretical possibility always exists, but it can be so small that it is equivalent to a quasi certitude of the contrary. Here time can intervene.

Indeed, supposing we limit the time during which a certain phenomenon can be produced. Supposing, for instance, that a certain event has one chance of being produced in 100 years under certain conditions, but that these conditions cannot be maintained for more than 24 hours. For instance, let us imagine that a dice player tries to obtain the slightly probable cast men-

tioned above, namely, the same number ten times in succession. In round numbers, he will have one chance in 60 million throws. If he plays night and day (24 hours a day) and throws his dice once every second, he will throw 86,400 times a day, and he will have to continue without interruption, without sleep or food, for about two years to have *one chance* of casting the same number ten times in succession. But supposing the die is made of such fragile matter that it can last only a maximum of a few days. The player's chances will be considerably decreased, for he will not be able to play his 60 million throws. He always has the chance that the lucky series will happen almost immediately, at the end of a small number of throws, but this chance is very slight. If he can throw his dice only ten times, it may be said that the cast is *practically* impossible. We will shortly see why this example was chosen.

Let us imagine that we have a powder composed of 1,000 white particles and 1,000 black ones, differing from each other only in their coloring. At the beginning of the experiment these particles are in a glass tube, the diameter of which is only slightly larger than the particles, so that they stand in one single row next to each other and cannot mix. The 1,000 white particles are at the top of the tube. On our scale of observation the tube is half white and half black, the dissymmetry is complete, there is no homogeneity. (Degree of dissymmetry equal to 1.)

The tube, which is closed at one end,

communicates at the other with a hollow glass ball. When we turn the apparatus upside down the particles fall pell-mell into the ball and are mixed together through shaking. When we turn it up again they fall back into the tube one above the other, but they have changed their relative positions. It is extremely improbable that they will be separated in the same way as at the beginning of the experiment. At a proper distance, so that the eye cannot distinguish the individual white grains from the black ones, the tube will appear gray along its entire length.

If we shake it again and turn it up we will obtain a new arrangement of the particles, but *on our scale of observation* the tube remains gray, and the phenomenon is not modified perceptibly. Observation shows that even if we prolong the experiment for a considerable time the impression remains roughly the same. The calculus of probabilities enables us to interpret these facts precisely, for it shows that the probability that the 1,000 white particles will be entirely separated from the 1,000 black ones after being shaken is expressed by 0.489×10^{-600} , or 489 preceded by 600 zeros to the right of the point; about twelve lines of zeros in an ordinary book.

It is evident that exponents of over 100 lose all human significance. A short explanation may be necessary to enable the reader who is not familiar with large numbers expressed by means of powers of ten to understand the significance of this method and its advantages.

THE AUTHOR

Lecomte du Noüy was born in Paris in 1883. Educated at the Sorbonne and the Faculty of Law, he holds the degrees of LL.B, Ph.B, Sc.B, Ph.D, and Sc.D. In 1915 Dr. du Noüy, then an officer in the French Army, met Dr. Alexis Carrel, and through him became deeply interested in certain profound problems that appeared to have no solution. Dr. du Noüy's original work while head of the laboratory staff of a war hospital brought him to the attention of the Rockefeller Institute in New York, where he carried on research mainly on the properties of the blood with special reference to the fundamental problems of immunity. He discovered a score of new phenomena, some of which are in use today in clinical and industrial laboratories.

He was married in 1923, to an American, Mary Bishop Harriman, who has assisted him untiringly in his researches ever since. They lived in Paris under nazi domination in the early days of the war but escaped in August, 1942, to come once again to the U. S.

During 1944 and 1945 he made extensive tours in this country under the sponsorship of the Army and Navy department of the YMCA speaking in scores of military camps and USO clubs on international affairs and telling of his own experiences under the nazis. Dr. du Noüy at present lives in California.

It is inconvenient to write all the zeros in certain numbers, for it is difficult to read them and they take up too much space. The number of molecules in a cubic centimeter of gas, for instance, is 30,000,000,000,000,000,000 molecules. This is unreadable. To simplify it, it is customary to write this number 3×10^{19} , which reads: three

times 10 to the power of 19. The number 19, called the exponent, simply expresses the number of zeros after the last significant figure. Thus $10^2 = 10 \times 10 = 100$; $10^3 = 10 \times 10 \times 10 = 1,000$; and $3 \times 10^3 = 3,000$.

This notation is often confusing, as the powers of 10 increase with disconcerting rapidity. For instance, it is estimated that the earth is about 2,000 million years old, namely 2×10^9 years. Expressed in centuries this gives 2×10^7 centuries. Fewer than 2×10^{12} days have gone by. Fewer than 2×10^{17} seconds have elapsed since the beginning of the world. This last figure represents the *whole history of the terrestrial globe*, namely, the whole of human reality.

To reach larger figures we must turn to the age of the sun, which in all likelihood (according to modern theories) does not exceed 5×10^{12} years (5 thousand billion) or 5×10^{20} seconds. The distance from the earth to the sun expressed in microns ($\frac{1}{1000}$ of a millimeter or $\frac{1}{25000}$ of an inch) is only 150×10^{15} , and the next nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is 40×10^{21} microns away from us. There are 10^{19} molecules in one cubic centimeter of gas (about one thimbleful) but there are fewer than 10^{79} molecules in the whole universe, including the remotest stars. The method applies also to negative exponents such as -100 . A negative exponent (preceded by the minus sign, $-$) means simply that the number is divided and not multiplied: $3 \times 10^{-3} = 3 \div 10^3$ or $\frac{3}{1000} = 0.003$.

Now that the reader is prepared, let

us pass on to the real problem. It is impossible because of the tremendous complexity of the question to lay down the whole basis for a calculation which would enable one to establish the probability of the spontaneous appearance of life on earth. However, the problem can be greatly simplified and we can try to calculate the probability of the appearance, by chance alone, of certain essential elements of life, certain large molecules, proteins for instance. The elementary molecules of living organisms are all characterized by a very considerable dissymmetry. Now, we have seen that dissymmetry can be expressed by a number comprised between 0.5 and 1. The number 1 corresponds to a maximum dissymmetry (in the case of the black and white particles, all the black on one side and all the white on the other); and the number 0.5 corresponds to perfect homogeneity, the most symmetrical distribution: the white and black particles evenly mixed throughout the tube. The most probable fluctuations (slight deviations around the equal number) are grouped near the degree of dissymmetry 0.5.

These calculations were made by Prof. Charles-Eugène Guye for a molecule of dissymmetrical degree 0.9, when the number of constituent atoms is equal to 2,000. To simplify the problem considerably, the atoms constituting this imaginary protein molecule are considered as being of two species only, whereas there is always a minimum of four, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, plus either copper, iron

or sulphur. The atomic weight of these atoms being supposed equal to 10—another simplification—the molecular weight is 20,000. This figure is probably lower than that of the most simple proteins (egg albumin: 34,500).

The probability that a configuration of a degree of dissymmetry 0.9 would appear under these arbitrarily simplified conditions which make it more probable would be (if chance alone is considered):

$$2.02 \times 10^{-321} \text{ or } 2.02 \times 10^{-331}$$

The volume of substance necessary for such a probability to take place is beyond all imagination. It would be that of a sphere with a radius so great that light would take 10^{82} years to cover this distance. The volume is incomparably greater than that of the whole universe including the farthest galaxies, whose light takes only 2×10^6 (two million) years to reach us. In brief, we would have to imagine a volume more than one sextillion, sextillion, sextillion times greater than the Einsteinian universe.

The probability for a single molecule of high dissymmetry to be formed by the action of chance and normal thermic agitation remains practically nil. Indeed, if we suppose 500 trillion shakings per second (5×10^{14}), which corresponds to the order of magnitude of light frequencies (wave lengths comprised between 0.4 and 0.8 microns), we find that the time needed to form, on an average, one such molecule (degree of dissymmetry 0.9) in a material volume equal to that of our terrestrial globe is about 10^{243} billions

of years (1 followed by 243 zeros).

But we must not forget that the earth has existed for only two billion years and that life appeared about one billion years ago, as soon as the earth had cooled (1×10^9 years).

We thus find ourselves in the case of the player who does not have at his disposal the time necessary to throw his dice often enough to have one single chance of obtaining his series. His period is 300 or 400 times too short; we are faced with an interval which is more than 10^{243} times too short.

On the other hand, we can always bring out the fact that, no matter how slight the chance, it nevertheless exists, and that there is no proof that the rare configuration will appear only at the end of billions and billions of centuries. It can happen right at the start, in the first few seconds. Not only is this in perfect accord with the calculus, but it can be admitted that the phenomenon occurred twice, and even three times in succession and then practically never again. However, if this happened and we maintain our confidence in the calculus of probabilities it would be equivalent to admitting a miracle, and the result would be *one single molecule*, or at the most two or three.

Life itself is not even in question but merely one of the substances which constitute living beings. Now, one molecule is of no use. Hundreds of millions of identical ones are necessary. We would need much greater figures to "explain" the appearance of a series of similar molecules, the improbability

increasing considerably, as we have seen, for each molecule (compound probability), and for each series of identical throws. If the probability of appearance of a living cell could be expressed mathematically the preceding figures would seem negligible. The problem was deliberately simplified in order to increase the probabilities.

Events which, even when we admit very numerous experiments, reactions, or shakings per second, *need an infinitely longer time than the estimated duration of the earth in order to have once chance, on an average, to manifest themselves, can, it would seem, be considered as impossible in the human sense.*

Thus, we are actually confronted with a dilemma. Either we have absolute confidence in our science and in the mathematical and other reasonings which enable us to give a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena surrounding us—in which case we are forced to recognize that certain fundamental problems escape us and that their explanation amounts to admitting a miracle—or else we doubt the universality of our science and the possibility of explaining all natural phenomena by chance alone; and we fall back on a miracle or a hyperscientific intervention.

In both cases we are brought to the conclusion that, actually, it is totally impossible to account scientifically for all phenomena pertaining to life, its development and progressive evolution.

We are faced by a hiatus in our

knowledge. There is a gap between living and nonliving matter which we have not been able to bridge. Another such gap exists in the realm of particles, between the electrons constituting the atoms and the atoms themselves. We can hope that they will both be bridged by science some day, but at present this is nothing but wishful thinking.

The remarkable discoveries made at the Rockefeller institute of the crystallizable viruses of rabbit papilloma, by Wyckoff, and of the mosaic disease of tobacco, by Stanley, which were hailed as intermediaries between inorganic matter and living matter, do not alter this statement. First, because their molecular weights are so high that the probabilities of their appearance as a result of chance are even slighter. (The molecular weight is of the order of 10,000,000, which means that they are built of more than 500,000 atoms). Second, because in no sense of the word are these substances alive. It is true that they reproduce, but only when in contact with living matter, just like the toxins, known as ptomaines, which appear when living matter undergoes a process of decomposition.

The laws of chance have rendered, and will continue to render, immense services to science. It is inconceivable that we could do without them, but they express only an admirable, subjective interpretation of certain inorganic phenomena and of their evolution. They are not a true explanation of objective reality. What they cannot take into account or explain is the fact

that *the properties of a cell are born out of the coordination of complexity* and not out of the chaotic complexity of a mixture of gases. This transmissible, hereditary, continuous coordination escapes all laws of chance.

To study the most interesting phenomena, namely life and eventually

man, we are therefore forced to call on an Anti-chance, as Eddington called it; a "Cheater" who systematically violates the laws of large numbers, the statistical laws which deny any individuality to the particles considered.

This makes the materialistic conception of life scientifically impossible.

This Struck Me

The Church, in ages past, lifted woman from the depths of slavery and degradation to which a pagan world had consigned her and made her queen of the Christian home. Today, selfishness, career seeking, materialism, and false philosophies are disrupting the home and threatening woman's position there. G. K. Chesterton, referring to the so-called narrowness of domesticity, made the following forceful, thought-provoking remarks on the greatness of woman's work in the home.*

"I cannot," he said, "with the utmost energy of imagination conceive what they mean. When domesticity, for instance, is called drudgery, all the difficulty arises from a double meaning in the word. If drudgery only means dreadfully hard work, I admit the woman drudges in the home, as a man might drudge at the Cathedral of Amiens or drudge behind a gun at Trafalgar. But if it means that the hard work is more heavy because it is trifling, colorless and of small import to the soul, then, as I say, I give it up. I do not know what the words mean. To be Queen Elizabeth within a definite area, deciding sales, banquets, labors and holidays; to be Whiteley within a certain area, providing toys, boots, sheets, cakes and books; to be Aristotle within a certain area, teaching morals, manners, theology, and hygiene, I can understand how this might exhaust the mind, but I cannot imagine how it could narrow it. How can it be a large career to tell other people's children about the Rule of Three, and a small career to tell one's own children about the universe? How can it be broad to be the same thing to everyone, and narrow to be everything to someone? No, a woman's function is laborious, but because it is gigantic, not because it is minute. I will pity Mrs. Jones for the hugeness of her task; I will never pity her for its smallness."

*Quoted in Gilbert Keith Chesterton by Maisie Ward (Sheed & Ward: 1943).

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

Keeper of the pledge

Matt Talbot

By THOMAS F. DOYLE

Condensed from the *Marianist**

ON A bright June morning 22 years ago, the body of an old man was wheeled into the mortuary of Jervis Street hospital in Dublin to be prepared for burial. When Sister Ignatius, the nun in charge, began to remove the shabby clothes, she found the scrupulously clean body encased in chains which had worn into the flesh. Around the neck were suspended several religious medals and a heavy rosary.

On impulse, the Sister wrote down these and other details. She little dreamed that all Dublin would soon be talking about the saint who had died suddenly on his way to Mass in the Dominican church of St. Savior, or that cardinals and bishops from other countries would come to kneel in the humble room at 15 Upper Rutland St. where this man had kept many a lonely vigil with God.

Now report comes from Rome that Matt Talbot, one time drunkard, is to be beatified this spring in the great Basilica of St. Peter.

The story of Matt Talbot is the drama of an erring man's hard-won battle for self-conquest. A drink addict at 14, he ultimately freed himself from his vice by will power and the love of

God. When he was a young man he spent every shilling he made on drink and for one three-year period failed to go to the sacraments. As a boy of 12 he had thrown aside his books and taken up with bad companions. His conversion began at the age of 28, the day he took the pledge.

To become a saint, Matt Talbot had to fight his inordinate craving for drink. But this was only the first step. That a man could work long hours at his job and yet keep so close to God is one of the abiding lessons of Matt Talbot's 41 years of progress toward perfection.

He was born on May 2, 1856. He was one of twelve children, eight sons and four daughters, born to Charles Talbot, a foreman employed by the Port and Docks board, and Elizabeth Talbot (née Bagnol). His father died in 1899, at 73; his mother in 1915, at 76. Charles Talbot was an exemplary Catholic, and his wife a woman of remarkable piety. Of their eight sons, the eldest, John, lived to be about 60; but all the other sons, except Matt, died young or in early manhood. Three sisters, however, survived Matt, and two of them provided full details of his life at the time the cause for

*108 Franklin St., Dayton, 2, Ohio. March, 1947.

his canonization was introduced in Rome.

Young Matt was sent to the Christian Brothers' school on North Richmond St., but neither he nor his brothers were the best of boys and often failed to show up when classes assembled, accepting their subsequent castigation as a matter of course. There were no compulsory school-attendance laws in those days, and so, at the age of 12, Matt started to work as a messenger boy for a firm engaged in bottling stout for Dublin's famed Guinness' brewery.

There he learned to drink. No doubt he was able to keep his growing habit a secret for awhile, but after about a year, he came home one night drunk. Shocked and disgusted, his father immediately set about getting him another job.

Unwittingly, however, his father made a sad mistake. Matt became a messenger boy for the Port and Docks board where Charles Talbot was in charge of bonded stores. But whereas formerly Matt drank stout he now began to drink whisky. Punishments were of no avail. At 17 the boy was getting drunk regularly on spirits taken from the stores under his own father's charge. It was when he realized how he was disgracing his family that Matt decided to seek another job and was hired as a bricklayer's helper by a firm of building contractors.

He was a good workman, but after his day's toil, he spent the hours until closing time in a neighboring saloon. He gave his mother nothing but an

occasional shilling, and when his money was gone he might pawn or sell his boots to get more. Once he and his companions sold a violin owned by an itinerant fiddler. He began to neglect the sacraments. His only prayer was a mechanical blessing of himself in the morning; at night he was too drunk to say even a Hail Mary.

Otherwise, he was a modest, neat, personable young man, and morally "the purest of creatures," as one of his sisters was to testify. For all the heartaches he caused her, he had a deep love for his mother. Whenever she urged him to marry and settle down, he would laugh and say, "Mother, you're the only wife I want."

His conversion came suddenly and unexpectedly. He was then working as a laborer in the lumber yard of Messrs. T. & C. Martin at the North Wall, where he ultimately became a foreman.

Through his years of drinking, Matt had somehow managed to retain a large measure of pride and self-respect. But this pride was to be sorely hurt one day when Matt had stayed home from work for a week and had no money to spend on liquor. With one of his brothers he decided to waylay his fellow workers on their way home, in the hope someone would offer to buy them a drink. But there were no invitations. Without money Matt was not wanted. That night he went home sober for the first time in years. His mother was surprised, but considerably more so when he announced, "I'm going to take the pledge." She could

only say, "God give you strength to keep it."

And God did. Only His grace and the gentle encouragement of his mother enabled Matt to endure days and nights filled with tortures of yearning made doubly sharp by his seeming inability to pray.

In his misery, Matt turned to the religion he had neglected. After taking a pledge for three months—he could hardly trust himself any further—he went to confession and received Holy Communion at the five o'clock Mass in the Jesuit Church of St. Francis Xavier in Upper Gardiner St. That was the start that led to his conquest of drink and his spiritual rebirth. In forswearing his one great vice, Matt began his apprenticeship to sainthood.

To overcome the drink habit he attended Mass daily in the Jesuit church before going to work at 6 A. M. After his evening meal he walked to one of the churches on the north side of the city and remained in prayer until it was time to go home to bed. Many a night he came back weary and discouraged. Nevertheless, steadily, morning after morning, evening after evening, Saturday afternoons and all day Sundays, he was in church. Finally, the three months were up and Matt took the pledge for life.

Still the struggle went on. Once, as Matt himself afterwards revealed, he felt himself violently pushed from the door of St. Francis Xavier's church by some diabolic power. On another occasion much later, he was about to approach the altar rail in the same

church when he experienced an almost irresistible temptation to despair. An inner voice kept telling him his prayers and daily Communions were all in vain. He felt physically unable to approach the altar and had to leave the church. He went to other churches in the neighborhood, with the same result.

In desperation, the afflicted man returned to the Upper Gardiner St. church. There he threw himself on the steps outside, his arms outstretched in the form of a cross. Heedless of curious stares, he prayed with all the fervor he could command. Suddenly the weight of despair and torment was lifted from him. Peacefully he walked into the church, attended Mass and received Communion. His battle against drink was over. He was never tempted again.

Meanwhile, to cure himself of his habit of abusing the Holy Name, Matt hit upon the simple device of placing two pins in the form of a cross on his coat sleeve. This was a constant reminder to him of Christ's crucifixion. If occasionally during his working hours someone used profane language, Matt would turn away and in some quiet corner recite the Divine Praises as an act of atonement.

For 16 years, Elizabeth Talbot was to have the joy of watching her son grow steadily in sanctity. His days were now filled with work, prayer, fasting, meditation, and rigid austerity. We see him after a day's hard labor going straight to the Church of St. Lawrence O'Toole to pray. He is now living alone in a room in Upper Rut-

land St. His sister has prepared a meal of cocoa and dry bread, with perhaps a piece of fish, if it is not a fast day. Matt kneels down to pray, and, still kneeling, eats his supper. His sister leaves him as he begins to read the pious books he has bought or borrowed from friends. Occasionally he copies on a piece of paper some passage that particularly appeals to him. Semi-il-literate as he is, he seems quite at home with spiritual books that an educated person might find difficult reading. Next comes a period of prayer, and at half past ten Matt goes to bed.

It is a bed of penance. Stout wooden planks take the place of a mattress; a wooden block is the pillow. For covering there is a half-blanket. As he undresses, only the angels see the penitential chains and knotted ropes that gird his chest, legs, and arms; the heavy rosary beads that hang from his neck; the medals attached to the chains by cords. Matt sleeps with a statue of the Virgin and Child in his right hand. At two o'clock an alarm clock wakens him and he rises to pray. He kneels erect and with arms outstretched.

Matt prayed usually until 4 A. M. Then he arose, dressed himself, and resumed his prayers until it was time to leave for the first Mass at St. Francis Xavier's. Kneeling perfectly upright and unsupported, he heard Mass and received Communion. Only a few knew he had slit the knees of his trousers so that he might kneel on bare knees in the presence of Christ. After hearing Mass and making the Stations of the Cross, he returned to his room

for his usual breakfast of cocoa and bread. He then left for work, giving himself enough time to visit St. Lawrence O'Toole's. During the day he would take advantage of intervals between the loading and unloading of trucks in the lumber yard to retire to a shed for prayer.

On Sundays Matt remained in church until 1:30 P. M. He sometimes went from one church to another to attend extra Masses before returning to his room. When he got old and could no longer fast till that time, he would go home after his first Mass for his unchanging meal of cocoa and bread, but would be out again to attend more Masses. The rest of the day he spent in prayer, reading, and attending meetings of the numerous confraternities to which he belonged.

Until two years before his death, Matt Talbot fasted with great severity. During Lent and the month of June he observed a completely black fast; similarly on Saturdays and the vigils of fast days. Even on his nonfasting days, he ate sparingly, except when he was invited to a friend's house, where he partook of normal meals to conceal his austere way of life.

The charities practiced by Matt Talbot left him a mere pittance to live on. Many times he would simply hand money to a priest for the poor or for the foreign missions. He was a shy, retiring man, but had several acquaintances, both men and women. He had once said he would never marry because it was God's will he should remain single. He was always poorly

dressed, and if anyone commented, he would say, "I promised God I would never wear good clothes."

In his last years Matt Talbot suffered severely from heart disease, and had been forced to quit work a year and a half before he died in Granby Lane as he shuffled painfully along to be in time for Mass at St. Savior's. He was forced to undergo medical treatment, but before he entered the hospital he discarded his chains lest they cause comment and for the same reason accepted meals that were luxurious in comparison to his usual diet. All that marked him as unusual was the great number of times he stole off to pray in the hospital chapel.

The last words that Matt Talbot heard as he lay dying in Granby Lane on June 7, 1925, were spoken by a woman who went to his aid. As she placed a glass of water to his lips, she comforted him by saying, "My poor fellow, you are going to heaven." It was the perfect consolation. Within a few months all Ireland knew that a saint had walked the streets of Dublin unknown and unnoticed throughout years when insurrection, and later, civ-

il war, had created political ferment. Other men had taken up a burden of sacrifice for the cause of Ireland; but Matt Talbot chose to serve an even higher cause.

While he was still alive, many came to Matt Talbot that he might pray for them. Today his cult has spread far beyond Ireland to countries where his life, written by Sir Joseph Glynn and published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, has been translated and sold by the tens of thousands.

Both the room where Matt Talbot lived and the spot in Granby Lane where he died are places of pilgrimage to Catholics from other lands who visit Ireland. One of the saint's greatest admirers was the late Jean Cardinal Verdier of Paris, who went to Dublin for the International Eucharistic Congress in 1934. One of his first acts was to visit Matt Talbot's home. There, deeply moved, he knelt down and kissed the floor that once bore the weight of the holy man of Dublin. Now the Catholic workers of Ireland and other lands await the day when the Church will call one of their number Blessed.



THE Dominican priest was about to celebrate Mass according to the rite of his Community. At the very beginning he turned to the altar boy, who was accustomed to serving secular priests, and said, "Bring me the water and wine." "Don't you worry, Father," consoled the acolyte, "I'll tell you when it's time."

The shape of things to come

New Microbe Defense

By O. A. BATTISTA



SCIENTISTS working on an idea suggested many years ago by the renowned chemist and Nobelist, Emil Fischer, are on the verge of finding answers to many puzzling phenomena of the world of microbes.

We may soon learn the real reasons why penicillin or streptomycin will quickly kill one kind of treacherous microbe but spare a different kind which may be equally dangerous.

How do specific vaccines go about producing immunity against specific diseases? What regulates and controls chemical reactions of all kinds? Why can some persons resist disease while others cannot? How do allergies tie in with the newest findings of science?

Why are the many vitamins, hormones, enzymes, bacteria, and viruses so specific in their behavior? Why does the tubercle bacillus cause tuberculosis only, and not syphilis, whooping cough, and scarlet fever as well? To put it the other way, why does penicillin kill certain germs against which the sulfa drugs are quite useless?

Emil Fischer gave us his ideas on the behavior of bacteria, vaccines, and chemicals in the form of a simple analogy. When you come to a locked door, you may be carrying many keys in your pocket, but only one of them will open the lock for you. Why? Because that particular key possesses a certain

shape which fits snugly into the lock and allows you to turn back the lock-bolt. Another key with a very slightly different shape would prove quite useless. It is becoming more apparent with each passing month that Fischer hit the nail on the head when he suggested his "shape theory" to explain many chemical and physiological phenomena.

What is some of the shape evidence which is demonstrating so conclusively why chemicals, drugs, germs, bacteria, viruses and vaccines are so choosy?

A good example to start with is the astounding analogy drawn by Professor Linus Pauling of the California Institute of Technology. Pauling is one of the foremost leaders of a whole new school of scientists bent on finding out the exact shapes of the tiniest organisms. These "shape-conscious" scientists are exploring the molecular architecture, the geometry, of aggregates which cannot be seen even with the electron microscope.

Consider the chemical, camphor, with its penetrating fragrant odor, argues Professor Pauling. We know precisely in what manner the atoms, out of which this substance is made, are joined together, how they are arranged in space. We can sketch the shape of the camphor molecule on paper. When chemists built up a substance which had the same shape as

the camphor molecule, but which was constructed of entirely different building blocks, they found that the facsimile of the camphor molecule possessed exactly the same penetrating and fragrant odor as the natural camphor extracted from the bark of the camphor tree.

This remarkable fact may be interpreted as meaning that the chemical composition of the atoms out of which camphor is made is not responsible for its odor. It may be that the shape or arrangement of the building blocks is registered by the olfactory nerves with the result that the human brain perceives the typical camphor odor. The building blocks may be made from steel or gold, hydrogen or chlorine, but if they follow the same blueprint as camphor, the product will smell precisely the same as natural camphor.

When bacteria or antitoxin serums invade the human blood stream, the body rallies against them. Antibodies are manufactured, substances which are mirror images of the specific invading foreign matter. This complementariness in shape between an antibody and the invading bacteria or antigen permits the two substances to lock arms, to get strangle holds on each other. The result is that the bacteria are put out of business, prevented from carrying out what they would like to do, namely, reproduce themselves and kill their hosts by force of numbers.

If the human body is not capable of manufacturing a specific antibody in sufficiently great numbers, so that each

invading microbe is overpowered, the intruding germs will win, and produce tuberculosis or whatever infectious disease the microbe in question causes.

As long as there is an ample reserve of the antibody which can, because of its mirror-like shape, attach itself to and incapacitate invading tuberculosis bacilli, a person is immune to tuberculosis. Immunity to other infectious diseases like measles, smallpox or diphtheria also depends on specific antibodies whose shapes are complementary to the bacteria which cause the respective diseases.

In the case of the sulfa drugs, of which there are now a great many, it has been shown that a particular shape in the original sulfanilamide molecule was essential for the inactivation of certain germs. It is believed that the real reason why penicillin works against certain microbes when the sulfa drugs are quite ineffective lies in shape differences in the molecular make-up of the respective drugs.

Vitamin K, which regulates normal blood-clotting, exhibits its physiological behavior because of the shape of its molecule. This fact was proven in an ingenious manner by Professor Tarbell and his associates at the University of Rochester when they demonstrated that the slightest alteration of the structure of one specific part of the Vitamin K molecule will make it useless as a blood-clotting regulator.

The whole basis for the science of immunology consists in stimulating the natural production of specific antibodies which are facsimiles of mi-

crobes against which protection is desired. For example, allergy to ragweed pollen may be reduced or eliminated by periodic injections of minute amounts of ragweed pollen extract, amounts well below the concentration required to bring on the summer sneezes. Each time a small amount of ragweed pollen extract is injected, the body manufactures and stores up a little of the antibody which knocks the tickle out of ragweed pollen. If this treatment is started in the winter, an individual is capable usually of storing up enough of the antibody to be immune to ragweed pollen by the time it floats about in the air in late summer or early fall. The processes of desensitization against a given allergy parallel the processes of immunization against a given disease-causing microbe.


With the evidence piling up rapidly that "shapes are the important things" in so far as almost all physiological, biological, chemical, and bactericidal activities are concerned, scientists throughout the world have drawn up numerous plans for further work. They realize that the field is new and wide open, and that the problems they must solve are formidable. But they know also that the rewards may be far more valuable to humanity than the harnessing of atomic energy.

Their immediate objectives, some of

which are well within their reach at this time, are to establish blueprints for the numerous invisible shapes and structures of microorganisms which are the keys to the life processes, the stimulants of all chemical and physical reactions.

Once the shapes and sizes of some of the more important amino acids, the proteins used in making fibrous tissues, the respiratory pigments, the antibodies which are capable of checking so many treacherous germs, the bacteria which cause disease, the enzymes which act as the traffic policemen of the digestive system, the hormones which control our personalities and moods, and the vitamins which are the executives operating the body's chemical factories are established with some degree of certainty, chemists will proceed to duplicate these structures synthetically. Organic chemists have already duplicated many of nature's complex chemical substances by starting with simple elements like carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Among them are the synthetic dyestuffs, perfumes, vitamins, drugs, and flavors. That they will be able to reproduce more specific shapes with their versatile building blocks there can be little doubt.

Tomorrow, man-made vaccines and antibodies will help immunize the human race from disease, and better protect us from unfriendly microbes.



It's easy to see through people who make spectacles of themselves.

Quoted by Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (4 Aug. '45).

Chinese Boys at School

By ✕ FRANCIS X. FORD

Condensed from
*Maryknoll Mission Letters**



Unconscious of roommates

AMERICANS cannot value education, unsought and thrust upon them from childhood; as keenly as does the boy in China who has to conquer many obstacles to sit at a school-room desk.

In China, schools are relatively few, distances to be covered are usually great, tuition is rarely free, and the disproportion between the expenses of a boy at school and of one at home is a major problem for many families. The boy who stays at home has practically no problems of dress; the makeshift, made-over garments he wears create no shame in rustic China, where every farmer dresses in the roughest simple cloth. But the boy who goes away to school must have his uniforms and daily change of underwear, his shoes and blanket and mosquito netting, his soap and washbasin and little mirror, his books and pens and writing tablets, and a suitcase to put all of them in.

Many of China's elementary-school boys and most of its high-school boys board away from home while attending school. But there is no such thing as a boarding school as understood in America, except in the foreignized port cities; at best, the Chinese school may offer a long shed or a few rooms where the boys crowd together. Each

boy brings his own bed and bedding, writing desk, stool, lamp and oil; each cooks his own meals with his own firewood and utensils, or clubs with several friends to hire a common cook; each washes his own clothes, or makes his own arrangements with some neighboring woman to do the job.

The Chinese student is on his own from the moment he leaves home, often at the tender age of 12 years. He not only manages his own menu and housekeeping, but often chooses his own boarding quarters and selects the school he will attend. From the day he quits home, he becomes his own master, handling his own school fees and paying his own bills for laundry, food, and clothing. The result is a mature sense of responsibility that students in other countries do not attain until their college days. In western lands this system might work havoc with the character of the boy; but in China, although there are some ill effects, it produces a sturdy independence and surprisingly prudent judgment in handling money and in creating one's own home life.

The clan system partially safeguards the tyro in his first years at school. The boys of the same village, usually cousins of some degree, club together

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in renting rooms and buying food, and thus are less apt to be imposed upon by sophisticated dealers in the towns. Even new China is tenacious of traditions, so that the young boy falls naturally into school life with little urge to experiment along individual lines. The older boys of the clan are obeyed, and they guide the newcomer until he has learned the routine.

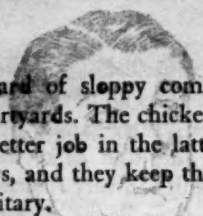
The western boy, at the beginning of boarding-school life, is lonely and homesick, and unused to planning for himself, even in a limited way. At home his every change of linen was supervised; upon arrival at school he hardly knows what clothes are in his suitcase. His plight would be even worse if the American boarding school did not take charge of food and necessary services. The Chinese boy, in like circumstances, knows even the fabric of his clothes, the feel and wearing qualities of cotton or half-linen, and the price of twill or tweed, and he values his limited wardrobe accordingly.

From early childhood, the Chinese student living away from home has bought and mended and changed his own clothes, set his own hours for work and play, leaned on no one for counsel. This independence is carried sometimes to absurd lengths; the Chinese boy may pass many days in a room shared with others without learning their names. The English are proverbial for reticence with strangers, but the average Chinese boy at school can be almost unconscious of his room-mates.

A group of American youngsters thus left to themselves all day, would, I'm afraid, prolong their games, sleep over in the morning and delay their bedtime, and indulge in very reluctant skirmishes with their books. But the Chinese boy disciplines himself to rather regular hours. He rises before dawn and sets his simple room to rights. Then he is off to school without any breakfast, just as the sun comfortably lightens the road. On his return, at ten or thereabouts, he makes a fire. While the rice is slowly simmering, he cleans and cuts up vegetables, and soon tackles his meal with gusto. Then, without urging from anyone, and with no thought of self-complacency, he gives an hour or so to homework before his afternoon classes. Between five and seven o'clock he eats the second meal of the day, and then plays some games. When lamps are lit at dusk, everyone settles to another hour or two of study before early sleep.

In an American counterpart, the landlady might keep her eye on the boys and do much to make the atmosphere as homelike as possible, but in China the landlady is too busy with her field work, and sees the boys only on payday. Chinese housekeeping in the interior simply begins and ends with opening the big street door in the morning and locking it at night; during the day it is left wide open.

The boys themselves do whatever sweeping and cleaning they think is needed. In this they follow the national custom of having neat personal rooms and furnishings, with almost total dis-



regard of sloppy common rooms or courtyards. The chickens and dogs do a better job in the latter than do the boys, and they keep the yard passably sanitary.

The most striking difference between Chinese student life and that of boys elsewhere is the absence of fighting or any display of ugly temper. There is, however, continual chatter about the kitchen work and chores, and the noise livens the students' otherwise too-sedate tone. Petty squabbling, inevitable wherever boys live isolated from their elders, is efficiently handled by the crowd in general, with little animosity or deep hurt.

In fine, the Chinese boy from 12 upwards is already an adult in character, in regard to handling his own concerns without adult interference. This is the result not so much of his living away from home as of the common practice among the Chinese everywhere of requiring the boy to fend for himself from early childhood. In-

fants are coddled excessively at first, but small children are left to toughen themselves with little supervision.

In exchange for this independence, which many a growing American boy would envy, the Chinese lad is cut off from the frequent gifts from doting uncles and aunts that keep many American boys in spending money. The Chinese boy receives his monthly allowance from home, or from the temple of the clan, for food, rent, and all other necessary expenses; after carefully distributing the money, he has very little left for tidbits. It takes a bit of stamina to pay debts for necessities and forego the more enticing novelties that catch a boy's eye.

The growing boy in China has not only liberty but license, and by rules of psychology he should eventually prove incorrigible. But experience proves that as the Chinese boy grows up he has a sedateness and natural sturdiness not found in the average western young man.

Shen Fu in Celluloid

An Peiping recently was held the premiere of the first major motion picture produced in China since the war. Entitled *The Sacred City*, it is probably the most ambitious movie ever filmed by a Chinese company; the hero is an American Catholic priest, with the plot woven around his fearless activities in shielding and sheltering his flock during the war. His church is the "sacred city" of refuge and prayer. Prominent Chinese crowded the premiere, and the film has been showing to capacity houses.

N.C.W.C. dispatch by Patrick O'Connor, S.S.C. (16 Feb. '47).

Laughter brings happiness

Lou Costello

By CELE DONOVAN McCULLAGH

Condensed from the *Family Digest**



LOU COSTELLO, the chubby comic of the famous Abbott and Costello team, really meant it when he said he would build the Louis Francis Costello Junior Foundation for underprivileged children, without asking a penny from anyone.

In East Los Angeles, on Olympic Boulevard and Grand Vista, in a community where approximately 4,300 underprivileged children of all races, creeds, and colors live, Mr. Costello's dream is reaching fulfillment. The Foundation will soon be dedicated to the children, with public officials, a priest, a rabbi, and a minister officiating.

Louis Francis Cristello was born in Paterson, N. J., in 1906. His mother's people came from Ireland, while his father was a native of Italy. Because so many people mispronounced his name, he changed it several years ago to Costello, and Costello it remains to this day.

When he was seven, he gave his first show in his aunt's cellar. A top price of five pearl buttons got you a front seat. For two pins you sat in the back row.

Lou was master of ceremonies, and staged all the acts. The show opened

with an exhibition of the neighborhood children's pets and ended with Lou giving an imitation of Charles Chaplin. A year later he won a Chaplin impersonation contest. From then on he was determined to be a good comic, or else....

Young as he was he had a keen sense of timing; he knew just when to pause and let his audience wait for the big surprise laugh. Lou appeared with his act at church and school affairs, and never failed to make the audience howl at his antics. Twenty years later, in 1946, we find him still making people laugh through the media of radio and movies.

Lou Costello made his First Holy Communion and was confirmed in St. Anthony's church, Paterson, N. J. In high school he excelled in athletics. He learned boxing, played guard on the basketball team and made the baseball nine. After leaving school, he became a semi-pro basketball player.

At 18 he was in vaudeville, from which he went to musical comedy, the radio, and movies. Once when he was playing on Broadway, his old pastor, Father Valenti, asked if he might use Costello's name on tickets he was sell-

*Huntington, Ind. January, 1947.

ing to raise money for his church. Lou asked to be put on the church committee. The good priest agreed, never dreaming of what was to follow.

Lou garnered the biggest stars then playing in New York, among them Kate Smith, Carmen Miranda, Bobby Clark, the De Marco Sisters, Milton Berle, Dan Healey, the Three Stooges and the late Ben Bernie. Seats at the Paterson Army auditorium sold for \$5 and \$10 apiece. It was the biggest benefit the city had ever seen. Afterwards, Mr. Costello presented Father Valenti with sufficient money to pay off the church mortgage, plus an additional amount to build a new church.

Two years ago Lou was in bed for seven months with rheumatic fever. His wife despaired of his life but he lived through the attack. On the day Lou got up to walk for the first time in months, his baby son, Louis Francis, was drowned in the swimming pool. Grief-stricken, he began to think seriously of some kind of memorial to the baby, and from this bereavement came the idea of the Louis Francis Costello Junior Foundation.

"This Foundation," Mr. Costello told me when I interviewed him, "will belong to the children, and it will be run by them, too. Every child will be given a physical check-up on arrival and if there's anything the matter with him which can be remedied by a particular sport, he'll be put into whatever will benefit him. There will be four doctors on the staff and four nurses to look after the children."

"How will it be run?" I asked.

"Exactly like Father Flanagan's Boys Town," he answered, "and after three months, the children will elect a mayor and city council from their own members."

"Will it have directors also?" I queried.

"Yes," he replied, "there'll be a board of directors and an advisory committee, made up of reputable citizens with an athletic and social-welfare background, who will know how to handle children and their problems."

"Now, about money expenditures and upkeep," I ventured.

"Well, the initial cost will be \$300,000, which Mr. Abbott and I have contributed," he told me. "Later on we plan on asking the top-notch show people to join us in an annual benefit for the foundation, but I'm not worried at all over the financial end of it, once it gets going and everybody sees what it is accomplishing."

Enthusiastically he went on to describe this recreational paradise for children. "It will have two swimming pools, tennis and basketball courts, a softball diamond, and every recreational facility you can think of. If any kid shows talent for tooting a horn, I'll see he meets Harry James. If it's a violin he wants to learn, Jascha Heifetz will assist him. Maybe he wants to lead a band . . . so what? Tommy Dorsey will be glad to show him how. And if it's boxing he's after, champ Joe Louis will do the honors. As for baseball, my friends Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams will take care of the

guys who say they are anxious to learn that.

"It's all been worked out and it's as simple as that," Mr. Costello beamed, "and I believe it'll be a big factor in combating juvenile delinquency. Further, I won't give up until there's a string of these foundations clear across the country."

The Lou Costellos will celebrate their 14th wedding anniversary next January. They have two children, Patricia, 10, and Carol, seven, who attend the Marymount Catholic school. The children have a beautiful hand-carved altar, complete with chalice, statues, and candelabra, which was made for them by the men in the Old Soldiers' home in Boston.

Mr. Costello is rarely seen in public unless it's a studio necessity. When he's through with his acting assignments, he enjoys nothing better than to come home and sit with his family. His hobby is 16mm. movies, and he has taken pictures of his children ever since they were babies. He also holds moving-picture parties weekly for his children's friends around the neighborhood.

In his den I saw 33 autographed baseballs from big-league players in-

cluding Joe DiMaggio, Red Ruffing, Babe Ruth, and Bill Dickey. The National, American, and Eastern leagues give him passes to the games. He has two autographed bats, one from the Brooklyn Dodgers and the other from the Detroit Tigers. Over his desk hangs an autographed picture of Connie Mack.

In 1943 Mr. Costello was voted one of the 10 best stars in that year by the Motion Picture Exhibitors of the U. S. and Canada. Every year he appears at the Sheriff's Annual Benefit and never refuses to do shows for any charitable organization. He is a member of St. Francis de Sales church in the San Fernando valley, and donated an organ when his late son was baptized there.

Mr. Costello had to leave; he was due at the studio for a rehearsal of his next picture, *Buck Privates Come Home*, but his wife carried on for him.

"Lou has a heart bigger than himself," she confided. "He's the kindest, most considerate man I've ever known. Not a day goes by that he doesn't think up some little surprise that will make me happy." There was both pride and love in her voice as she finished, "The children think he's tops, and that goes for me, too."

Streets of Romance

The people of Lima, Peru, cling to their old custom of giving a name to each block on a thoroughfare. Such one-block-length *calles* as the "Street of the Donkey Drivers," the "Street of the Little Marys," the "Street of the Blue Dust," and the "Street of the Sigh" are romantic ties with Lima's past.

From *Our Neighbors of the Andes* by F. D. David.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

By HAROLD BUTCHER

Condensed from the
*Carmelite Review**



A MOVEMENT, reflecting the truly world-wide Christian spirit of Catholics in England, is now afoot to restore the famous Fountains abbey near Ripon in Yorkshire. When this beautiful Cistercian foundation, now ruined, is restored to Catholic hands, Benedictine monks will offer prayers, if the present plan succeeds, for the souls, irrespective of creed or nations, of all who died because of the war.

That 12th-century Fountains abbey, "crown and glory of all that monasticism has left in England," is again to be Catholic follows from the negotiations by a group of Catholics to purchase it from the present owner, Mr. Clare George Vyner, a cousin of the Marquess of Ripon.

Whether prayers will be said for friend and foe alike depends upon the success of the effort to forget war passions and to make this an occasion to bear Catholic witness to the spiritual brotherhood of all men. A small obstacle to the restoration objective was the protest of the Protestant Alliance, representatives of which journeyed to Downing St. to present at the Prime Minister's residence a 10,000-signature petition against the sale. The Alliance claimed that this was "a further effort

to undermine the Protestant character of the nation and undo the work of the Reformation." The protest, however, does not reflect the religious temper of modern England, and will not impede progress of the plan to make the abbey once again a place of worship and pilgrimage.

To achieve the end aimed at, three steps have been necessary: 1. formation of a group to arrange for purchase of the abbey; 2. negotiations with the Ministry of Works, which has classified the abbey as an "ancient monument"; 3. discussion of the use to which the restored building shall be put.

The group of Catholics sponsoring the arrangements to buy the abbey included the Duke of Norfolk. The abbey will probably be restored by Benedictine monks from Buckfast abbey in Devonshire, who themselves built a new abbey on the foundations of the original house at Buckfast.

Because the abbey has been listed as an "ancient monument," the final contract for sale featured a clause insisting on free access for the public. The Benedictines are better able to meet this condition than the Cistercians, whose stricter rule would not permit the necessary mingling with the public that

*Carmelite Priory, 10 County Rd., Tenastry, N. J. January, 1947.

cannot be avoided under the present arrangement.

How did the abbey become an "ancient monument"? Certainly not solely because of its age. In Colchester, old Roman town in Essex, England, there stands a Saxon church, still flourishing, while the much less ancient St. John's, not far off, now consists only of a stone gate and tower. When Henry VIII executed the last abbot for refusing to acknowledge him, instead of the Pope, as head of the Church—the same offense which caused the executions of Sts. John Fisher and Thomas More—the abbey's life also ended, and it fell into decay. The older Saxon church, patched up from time to time, continued to function.

Similarly, Fountains became a ruined "ancient monument" because it was taken away from the Church by Henry VIII. In 1536, the king hanged the last abbot but one, William Thirsk, at Tyburn, for refusing the oath of supremacy; and he made the last abbot, Marmaduke Bradley, surrender the abbey in 1540. Henry sold the property to Sir Richard Gresham, whose son broke up the lands and sold the abbey to Sir Stephen Proctor.

Sir Stephen used stones from what had become the ruins to build Fountains Hall, which will now become an international Catholic guesthouse. In time, the abbey came into the hands of the ancestors of the Earls de Gray and Marquesses of Ripon, and it was passed by them from generation to generation as a venerated family possession, eventually sold to Vyner.

The longest (351 feet) and possibly the largest Cistercian church in England, its nave (65 feet wide) stands mostly intact.

Nearly all of the beautiful 13th-century choir has fallen, but the famous eastern transept, known as "the Nine Altars," still retains its splendor. The beautiful refectory has lost its central colonnade, and the chapter house all its columns and vaulting, but the graceful setting of medieval monastic life is still vividly present in the long vaulted undercroft (a subterranean chamber) where the monks once slept in cells.

This ancient monument goes back to 1132, when 13 Benedictine monks of St. Mary's abbey, York, obtained a grant from Thurstan, Archbishop of York, for land near Ripon. They wanted a stricter discipline, and, under the leadership of Richard, prior of St. Mary's, they left in October that year and arrived at Fountains the day after Christmas. They placed themselves under St. Bernard, who sent Geoffrey of Clairvaux to teach them the Cistercian rule.

At that time Fountains was wild and uncultivated land, and for two years the monks suffered great privations. They lived on bread and water, and found scanty shelter. They had come to the point of planning to leave England to join their brethren abroad when Hugh, Dean of York, joined them, bringing money and other material aid. Benefactions were added, and finally the great abbey was raised. The land was tilled, and a successful sheep

farm brought the monks wealth in the expanding wool trade.

If dissolution of the monasteries had never occurred, there is no reason why Fountains abbey should not have been functioning as well today as when Henry VIII took it over. There was point in what the Duke of Norfolk said in reply to those more concerned with preservation of beautiful ruins than with the restoration of an historic abbey to its normal life. The abbey was ruined 400 years ago at the time of the English Reformation, he reminded the critics.

However, it is a fact of history that the abbey is in ruins and has become an "ancient monument." Its restoration will, therefore, be brought about in close association with the Ministry of Works, the authority responsible for national monuments. Brother Peter and Brother Aurelius, veteran builders of the new Buckfast abbey, are already deep in plans for the new abbey. The architects will be Milner and Craze, with Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, noted Catholic architect, as adviser.

"When the work is undertaken," said the Duke of Norfolk, "it will be with the best possible advice and direction. We cannot be expected, naturally, to agree with those who have a positive preference for sentimental decay. In the Middle Ages, cathedrals and abbeys were continually being restored or enlarged, and it was constantly found possible to make, for use or beauty, additions which were not dead imitations of earlier periods and yet harmonized with what was already in

existence and was being used daily."

In the original announcement, it was stated that the abbey would serve "as a memorial to those Catholics who died in the defense of Britain in two World Wars," and that the Chapel of the Nine Altars would be dedicated to the nine nations concerned, including the U. S.

And then Stanley B. James, known for his writings and lectures in America as well as his native England, wrote, in the London *Catholic Herald*, words of such significance and farsightedness that the purposes of the project may be lifted high above the original intention.

Referring to the proposal to dedicate the abbey only to Allied dead, James wrote, "We may be permitted to ask whether such a dedication, excluding as it does the numerous Catholic victims in Germany and Italy, does not perpetuate into the distant future the passing antagonisms of the present. Coming generations, living at a time when (as we hope and believe) the old wounds will be healed, will be inclined to see in the abbey a memorial to divisions that by then will have been forgiven and forgotten. Now, may we suggest, is it seemly to carry into the next world the passions of this? Can we not avail ourselves of the opportunity for a gesture demonstrating the catholicity and charity of the Church by dedicating the restored abbey to the dead of all nations?"

Letters began to flow into the *Catholic Herald* office, all of them supporting Mr. James. The response was

so quick and spontaneous that it is clear where English Catholic thought lies. Michael de la Bedoyere, editor of the paper, also strongly supported the suggestion, adding, "Moreover, this act of Catholic witness to the spiritual brotherhood of all men, sons of the one

Father, would help to restore to our divided world that sense of unity and love which alone can guarantee true peace in the years to come, when Fountains abbey, please God, will be restored to England as a living place of worship and pilgrimage."

• VESPERS •

By DESMOND A. SCHMAL, S.J.

"Twilight and evening star"

Condensed from the *Ark**

AFTER the Eucharistic Sacrifice the public celebration of the Hour of Vespers has always been considered of prime importance among the liturgical services of the Church. Today Vespers forms part of the daily Office chanted by monks and canons and recited privately by priests throughout the world, but originally it was the first public function of Sundays and feast days, because according to an ancient Jewish and Roman custom, which the early Church adopted, the civil day began at sunset. The English name Vespers is taken from the Latin for *evening* and thus means evening prayer or, as it was called in Catholic England, evensong.

The service was also known at one time as the *Lucernarium*, the lighting of the lamps. Some think that Vespers was consciously substituted by the early Christians for the evening sacri-

fice of the Jews, who at the beginning of the Sabbath lit a special light in the temple; and that this custom was also adopted by the Church at the Vespers of Saturday evening, which began her celebration of the Lord's day. Others incline to the opinion that the name *Lucernarium* arose because the hour at which Vespers was performed necessitated the lighting of the lamps in the church. Whatever the origin of the name, the lights burning during Vespers and shining through the dusk of early evening, for the primitive Christians symbolized Christ, Light of the world, and prayers and psalms were chosen which both emphasized this symbolism and indicated the hour of the service.

Thus it became the universal practice to chant Psalm 102, which contains many appropriate verses, as for instance, "Thou [O God] art clothed

*111 W. North St., Stamford, Conn. May, 1946.

with light as with a garment"; "He hath made the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth His going down"; "Man shall go forth to his work, and to his labor until evening." So, too, Psalm 140 found a place among the Vesper prayers because of its 2nd verse, "Let my prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight; the lifting up of my hands as an evening sacrifice." It was this verse, also, which suggested the use of incense during the Vesper service.

As the various rites developed in the Church, there was an evolution in the form of Vespers, but we would, no doubt, be safe in saying that in all of the rites there are preserved some of the elements of the primitive Christian ritual. If we compare the Vespers of the two most widespread Catholic rites, the Roman and the Byzantine, we discover that it is the latter which has remained closer to the original form of the service.

In the Roman rite, five psalms, sung consecutively, are always assigned to Vespers, except on Holy Saturday, when Vespers forms part of Mass. The psalms vary according to feast and day of week being celebrated, but are always chosen from the series from 109 to 147. Each has attached to it an antiphon, a short verse which either sets forth a prominent idea taken from the psalm itself or is appropriate to feast or season. The psalms are followed by the Little Chapter, a brief reading from Holy Scripture which is likewise chosen for its appropriateness to feast or season.

Next comes the hymn. The Roman Vesper hymns are of ecclesiastical origin, and some of them by their reference to the light remind us of the ancient *Lucernarium*. The *Magnificat* or *Canticle of Our Lady* marks the solemn climax of the Roman Vespers. While it is being sung, altar, ministers, and people are incensed. A prayer, usually the same as the Collect of the day's Mass, is then chanted and the service is brought to an end with the silent recitation of the Lord's Prayer and the singing of an antiphon in honor of the blessed Mother.

The Roman form of Vespers does not, as the Byzantine rite does, model most official services on what is popularly known as the Mass of the Catechumens. Byzantine Vespers has as its basic component the recitation of some of the inspired psalms of the Old Testament; but it also contains many prayers of ecclesiastical origin, some of which, the *Ektenias* or Litanies, are the same as those sung during the holy Sacrifice. The psalms are not all recited consecutively as in the Roman rite, but are interspersed with the other prayers and chants; and, ordinarily, at least, the same psalms are always appointed for Vespers. Here we find a close link with the ancient Church, for the first of the psalms chanted is the 103rd, with its verses so appropriate for the evening hours. Among the Ukrainians and others who use the Byzantine rite, Psalm 140 is also retained as a Vesper prayer. Corresponding to the antiphons of the Roman Vespers there are a number of *tropars*

and *stikheras*, short chants proper to feast or season.

If we were to point out any one element as marking the climax of the Byzantine Vespers, we would probably not err in saying it is the singing of the hymn *O Tranquil Light*, an ancient *Lucernarium* chant whose origin is lost in antiquity, but which was considered by St. Basil in the 4th century as coming down from the time of the Apostles. On the larger feasts the singing of this hymn is preceded by a procession about the altar corresponding to the procession with the Gospel book during the divine Liturgy. The wording of the hymn outlines the origin and history of the Christian Vesper service, "O tranquil Light of the holy glory of the immortal, heavenly, holy and blessed Father,

Jesus Christ; having reached the setting of the sun, and beholding the evening light, we glorify God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Worthy art Thou at all times to be praised with reverent voices, O Son of God, who givest life to the world; therefore the world doth glorify Thee."

In place of the *Magnificat* of the Roman Vespers, the Byzantine rite substitutes the *Canticle of Simeon*, so much in keeping with the evening hour of prayer, for it calls upon our Lord as "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." The blessed Mother is greeted with words which exalt her above Cherubim and Seraphim; and the service closes in the typical Byzantine manner, with the recitation by the priest of a dismissal prayer.



How's That Again?

By WILLIAM J. NOLAN



In the following passage, which might have been written by an uninformed reporter who had spent the night following up police calls, are a number of terms peculiar to the Catholic liturgy, rites, and customs which have been misused. How many can you find? A score of ten is perfect, eight is quite good, and five is fair. Do not peek at the answers on page 67 until you give up.

When the procession entered the church, the crucifer bearing the pectoral cross led, followed by the choir boys in their lace ombrellinas and red soutanes. As they advanced up the center aisle, the prelates, dressed in long-gleeved lectionaries, followed two by two. After they had arrived at the entrance to the sanctuary they filed into the clerestory where were places assigned for each prelate. As soon as all were in their places, the ordinary of the diocese, wearing the aspergill on his head and the multicolored schola cantorum around his neck, advanced to the gremial, where he genuflected, and then ascended to the reredos, which was covered with a beautiful carpet. During all this time the campanile tolled in slow, measured beats, while the choir chanted the age-old vespérale.

Gentleman of the new school

Cardinal Spellman

By THOMAS B. MORGAN

Condensed chapter of a book*

IKNEW Francis Cardinal Spellman as a simple priest. We ate lunch or dinner, irregularly but often, in the rather modest restaurant in Rome known as La Rosetta. He was as jovial with the manager as he was congenial with the waiters.

He had been reporter, editor, teacher, and diocesan administrator. Work was the force driving him forward. From the time when he woke up in the morning until he went to bed in the late hours of the night, his day was a constant succession of tasks. He was chaplain to the Knights of Columbus playgrounds in Rome, but the children were there only in the afternoons. Spellman found himself more work for mornings and evenings.

He lived in one room in a very modern hotel, the Minerva. He never changed his residence either in good times or bad. He would usually say Mass in the Church of St. Mary near by. Then he would hike to the Vatican across the Tiber and work there all morning, doing even the most humble of secretarial jobs, copying orders, typing instructions and speeches, and

translating encyclicals and other documents. While he seemed to work for work's sake, yet he was always accomplishing something which became at least a minor and often a major mile-

stone in Vatican procedure. Press releases were unknown in the chancellery before he originated them. He instituted translation of important documents into all the languages, to avoid error. Mechanization of the offices with typewriters, teletypes, and telegraph instruments was

effected while he was there. His chaplaincy, though a job in itself, began to take second place to important tasks he was assigned in the secretariat of state.

He was chosen to smuggle an encyclical to Paris to avoid the Mussolini guards. He startled Monsignor Borgongini-Duca, the papal undersecretary of state, with his athletic prowess. He was gumshoed by stooges of Il Duce, and turned, offering to take them on collectively or individually.

Working in the Vatican and evolving better methods of doing the business of the chancellery inevitably focused papal attention on him. Inevitably,



*Speaking of Cardinals. 1946. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 W. 45th St., New York City, 19.

264 pp. \$3.

promotion was destined. Pius XI made him a Bishop, auxiliary to Cardinal O'Connell.

EVEN as a Bishop, too, simplicity of manner was the more emphasized. He continued the same modest chores for a while. He directed the preparatory work for his consecration himself, without even benefit of valet or secretary.

He erected a special tribune for the members of the American embassy. Headed by Alexander Kirk, who was then embassy counselor but who later became ambassador, the entire personnel and their wives occupied the tribune. It was the first time any American official had ever attended any function in St. Peter's since the U. S. was represented by a minister to the Holy See in 1868. Counselor Kirk was not a Catholic, but he accepted his role as highest-ranking civilian present with geniality and reverence, and conducted himself with such perfection that Capt. Francis Brady, our air attaché who later became a general, and his wife, who were Catholics, watched him to get the cue of what they were to do during the ceremonies.

Many episodes made the ceremony prophetic. It was not without significance that he had chosen as his consecrator the mild, ascetic, meditative Cardinal Pacelli, who was then papal Secretary of State. Pius XI was then in vibrant health and had given his especial approval to having the consecration take place in St. Peter's.

Then, too, he had chosen two inti-

mate friends as co-consecrators, and even these were in positions that controlled the nerve centers of Vatican coordination. First, Archbishop Borgongini-Duca, papal nuncio to Italy, supported him on the right, while Msgr. Giuseppe Pizzardo, papal undersecretary of state, accompanied him on the left. Then, as an added elaboration to this personified authority, Msgr. Carlo Respighi, papal master of ceremonies, directed the sacred function.

When the Bishop-elect made his profession of faith and gave his responses to the consecrator the contrast in the rhythm and tone of the Italian with the American signified the worlds and centuries. Pacelli's flowing tones as he recited the Latin formulas moved with the smooth, liquid cadence of one born and fashioned in the Roman rite. His Latin tones echoed and re-echoed through St. Peter's as if they were bringing to life all the long centuries of the faith.

When Spellman recited even the simple one-word responses of "*Credo*" and "*Volo*," vowels as well as consonants danced to revitalize the scene. We felt as if Latin had taken on a western vigor which raised it from mere recital to a living symbol in the rite. And just as the flowing tones of the Italian hierarchs had brought to life the centuries, so the virile and conquering notes of the New Englander personified the American spirit which had battled with the wilderness and subdued a continent. It was St. Peter's, but America was truly there.

IN A few weeks the new Bishop and myself were traveling companions on the westward maiden voyage of the *Rex*, the first 50,000-ton Italian steamer. En route, the new Bishop showed me a telegram. It was the now famous message which he had received from his ecclesiastical superior, Cardinal O'Connell. "Welcome to Boston," it read, with more than a touch of subtlety. "Confirmations begin on Monday. Report to chancery for instructions."

Eventually O'Connell sent him to take over Sacred Heart parish in Newton Center, near Boston. But the cardinalatial gesture was more generous in the form than in the substance. The church was burdened with a debt of \$69,000. Now, though Spellman appeared to have a roof over his head, he could have little use for the roof since he would be out on Confirmation duties most of the time and collecting the debt in the rest. O'Connell surely knew of his boundless energy. Certain it is that whatever the strain, the auxiliary braced for the shock and met all requirements. The debt was cleared. The parish flourished.

When Cardinal Hayes died and left the archiepiscopal see of New York vacant, speculation buzzed everywhere on the next appointee. Pius XI died before making any appointment, and Pius XII succeeded him March 2, 1939. Seven weeks had transpired in the new pontificate when the striking news reached America that the new Pope had chosen Francis J. Spellman for New York.

The new Archbishop was welcomed in his see Cathedral of St. Patrick on May 23. The drive that was in him soon permeated all the nerve centers of the archdiocese as if he had turned on a switch. Pastors, assistant pastors, Religious Orders caught the dynamic power transmitted from the archiepiscopal residence.

So thorough were the Archbishop's inspection tours that he detected a leaking roof, a worn-out floor, a displaced waterspout, or a door or window needing paint, with the sensitivity of a setter. The great religious and educational organism of the archdiocese must function for service.

And while the immense religious complexus functioned in charitable works and spiritual fruitfulness, Spellman extended his efforts to the realm of public affairs. It was on his initiative that Myron C. Taylor, former chairman of the board of U. S. Steel, was appointed personal representative of President Roosevelt to the Pope. It was Spellman who had worked out the whole proceeding.

WHEN appointment as Bishop to the Catholics of the armed forces came to him, he set out to make his contribution to the soldiers in every part of the globe. He organized a central office for appointment and dispersion of chaplains in New York City. Then he began that series of visitations to the various theaters which were to raise the spirits of the men in the field, give encouragement to the chaplains, and bestow a not uncertain measure of

calm on parents and loved ones back home.

He possessed the stamina of the hardest fighting soldier. He could toil for long hours in Arctic cold or tropical heat. Whether his army schedule meant lack of sleep, irregular meals, scanty rations, or inclement weather, he was always equal to the ordeal.

In his trip to the Aleutians in August, 1943, he encountered enigmatic extremes of heat by day and cold by night, of fog and dampness, of snow and sleet on the high levels, and of rough travel in that bleak stretch of islands. He thrived on the rugged rations, carried on his daily program of multiple visits, offering Masses and meeting the chaplains with their problems. I saw him on his return to New York. He was as robust as when he left. Immediately he resumed his work just where he had left off.

Spiritual needs of the soldiers took him on a second odyssey which covered 45,000 miles and required seven months of constant day-by-day and hour-by-hour work and travel. He flew to Spain and Rome. The remarkable feature of that jump was that Rome was an enemy capital. By the Lateran treaty with the Holy See, Mussolini had agreed to the safe passage in peace or war of bishops and archbishops of the Catholic Church whenever they wished to visit the Pope.

Spellman was first to test validity of that treaty. He was met at the civil airport and driven to Vatican City under a guard of Italian police. He conferred with the Pope. Then he was

off to Algiers, Egypt, London, back to Africa, thence to Jerusalem, where he celebrated Easter Mass, thence to Malta, Syria, Turkey, Iran, Iraq, and finally a tour around Africa. The entire voyage was made by air. He had called upon and conferred with Eisenhower, Winston Churchill, Field Marshal Smuts, King Farouk of Egypt, President Inonu of Turkey, and Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

AND while he was on those missions of good will to the various countries, he had found time to administer to individual soldiers of all faiths. Precisely here are found his most appealing attributes. Administratively, his job required him to make the necessary contacts with army officers in the higher commands, with chaplains who directed the religious work of divisions, army corps, and whole armies. This task he inevitably fulfilled. But he went much further; he stepped outside the formal role of archbishop to become a simple priest to the men.

He spoke their language with all its shortcuts and phonetic economy. He knew how to make parables out of their chores. The nomenclatures of baseball, football, and the gym often enriched his word pictures. Family talk was second nature to him. He shined his own shoes.

He sat down with the men in their tents on a cot or on the ground. He ate with privates as well as with kings and emperors. In hospitals, he stayed to administer spiritual comfort to the sick and dying far into the night.

When he returned home in September, he brought 14,000 slips, with addresses of parents and sweethearts. True to the spirit and letter of his promise, he sent a personal note to each addressee. He had traveled 45,000 miles and had been on an unending whirl, day and night, for seven months. After getting off the letters, he resumed archdiocesan administration and engaged in strengthening morale on the home front. He went out to campaign for the 3rd war loan.

He made a third trip in July, 1944, covering some of the ground of the second; but this time, with the Allied advance, he was able to offer Mass on German soil. He visited Pope Pius XII again. He had luncheon with King George VI, Field Marshal Alexander and General Mark Clark. This was when a bomb exploded 200 yards from their table in the field. His journeyings covered 19,000 miles this time, but he had to keep up to schedule, collect messages, and fulfill all those innumerable little favors he had wished on himself. The uncomfortable, exacting result was that when he arrived in New York Oct. 16, he had not slept for three nights. But, his spirit mingled with steel, he attended the Mass celebrating the diamond jubilee of the revered Father Martin J. Smith in his Church of St. Francis Xavier.

When the war turned to the Pacific, Spellman's duties summoned him to that wide expanse. The sudden end to hostilities while he was en route did not terminate his mission. He performed the same routine as on his Euro-

pean tours. He took the administrative side of his task in his usual stride, meeting with Admiral Nimitz in Guam and with the top-ranking chaplains of his faith in their turn. But the big job again was to minister to the men. He celebrated Mass in Tokyo Bay, at Kwajalein, Saipan, Tinian, Iwo Jima. And still he collected the addresses: each meant an additional letter to write. But work was incentive to action.

From Tokyo he traveled on, all the way around the world, by way of India, Egypt, Rome, and Lisbon. He returned to write another 10,000 letters to friends and parents. On the day of his arrival, he appeared before the New York Committee of the Laity to launch a \$3 million campaign for the Alfred E. Smith memorial of St. Vincent's hospital.

AND then came the great moment when he was to be made a cardinal.

It had been customary for previous American cardinals to order their clothes in Rome by wire. The Rome tailors had run through their stocks. Mussolini had decreed watered silk a nonessential. But Spellman was heir to the vestments of Cardinal Hayes. He was able to collect his entire wardrobe before he set out. This included the *cappa magna* of red watered silk with its six-yard train, ermine capes, black cassocks piped in red, red cassocks, lace rochets, violet cassocks and capes for the penitential season, stockings, shoes and slippers. In all, while a cardinalatial vestiary consists of

\$10,000 in clothes, the New York Archbishop was spared that toll, emerging fully invested with bare alteration charges.

To get to Rome with all this indispensable paraphernalia just when both air and sea transportation were still harassed by wartime restrictions imposed a lot of arranging and adjusting. Everyone knew Spellman liked to fly, but with this weight in finery, I had thought that he would have to go by steamer. But he decided to go by air as did the other three American neo-cardinals. Family, friends, notables, officials, and newspapermen made up a party of 70. It took two planes to carry the load.

Each passenger was given an envelope containing a St. Christopher medal and a \$1 bill. I thought it one of those ancient rites which provided travelers into the unknown with a token of provision. But I came across the signature, "Francis J. Spellman." It came to me at once. The Archbishop had saved me and doubtless many others from the humiliation of being caught without a short-snorter after our crossing. This willing gesture won over even the most crusty-natured newspapermen, and though we may not have said much in public, we certainly thought in private that it was very companionable of Spellman to have thought it up.

From the time we left New York, he seemed to be always doing something for us. They were not things that one would write about in the papers, so any suspicion that he was doing it

for headlines never existed. We landed in Ireland and were received by Prime Minister de Valera almost as diplomats. We rode on the Irish presidential train from Limerick to Killarney. As satellites of Spellman, we attended all the civic functions as visiting dignitaries. In Paris we were guests at the American embassy. Then, that we might see the glories of the Alps from the air, he asked the air line to change the route to Rome and pass through Switzerland. And this was the most overpowering sight of the whole excursion, to see Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Dent du Midi, and Monte Rosa with glaciers and craggy mountains all mixed in. We owed all this to Spellman.

On the day the Supreme Pontiff placed the biretta on his head, he approached the throne with benign submission. The Holy Father received him as if his whole store of joy was suddenly released. There was the bond of faithful affection between the elder brother, the Pope, and the younger brother, the Cardinal. As he knelt before the successor of St. Peter, the red biretta was placed upon his head, the assuring gesture that he was a prince of the Church. In humble reverence and still kneeling before the Vicar of Christ, he removed the red emblem, kissed the Fisherman's ring, and descended the throne, bowed in humble obedience.

In overpowering St. Peter's on the Thursday of the public consistory, he seemed transformed as he took the oath in the Chapel of the Most Holy

Sacrament. Attired in the same purple vestments, with his train borne by attendants, he trod the long march up the aisle with his brother cardinals immersed in the profound depths of spiritual submission. Again he performed the service of obedience to the Supreme Pastor. Again the devoted affection between the bestower and the recipient revealed itself in the joy and the signs of emotion which each felt as the crowning act of placing the ceremonial red hat over his head was performed. Again he embraced the Holy Father. His long purple train was now folded over his arm. Step by step, he descended the throne, to embrace each member of the Sacred College in turn, a symbol that he was received into the brotherhood of the chief advisers of the Pontiff.

More telling than all the outward expressions of the devotion of the elder for the younger, stood out the lavish bestowal of the Pope's own cardinalatial hat upon the youngest American cardinal, Cardinal Spellman. This was an overwhelming mark of affection. It was born of a penetrating and decisive feeling, enabling the Holy Father to choose decidedly from among 32 brethren the brother most beloved. This act of pontifical grace told in bolder and more impressive terms where the New York archbishop stood in the affections of the Sovereign Pontiff. Everyone watched with bated breath as the elaborate ceremonial headpiece was placed in his hands by the master of ceremonies, Monsignor Toraldo. Cardinal Spellman trembled

with emotion. The Pope had chosen him for the highest honor in the consistory.

But this was not all. When he proceeded in his great *cappa magna* to take possession of his titular Church of St. John and Paul, and while the affable Archbishop Borgongini-Duca, nuncio to Italy, had come to do him honor with other Vatican prelates, the plain people crowded the church. There was not a jot of vacant space in the imposing edifice. Just as when he was consecrated bishop, there were the faithful and devoted little folk who had served him in his younger days in Rome. Their friends had come, too. The vast throng had heard the name of Father Spellman in the years when he was toiling as a humble shepherd of souls among the poor boys and girls who came to the social centers.

That physical ruggedness which had served him well in his travels to all theaters of war stood him in good stead on this trip, too. We had unpleasant weather all along the route. The hotels were without heat. When he got to Rome his schedule called for speeches and the officiating at Masses in windswept churches. Three days after we arrived, four out of every five of the cardinalatial company were down with colds, including Cardinal Glennon. But Spellman continued on as if impervious to cold churches and unheated hotels.

We returned through Spain and Portugal, and there he had appointments. We arrived in Gander, New-

foundland, on the return trip at 4 A.M., New York time. His plane arrived ahead of us. At the airport hotel, our first sight was the Cardinal seated at a desk attending to his correspondence and answering telegrams. We all had breakfast there. He sat at a table, without rank or fuss. Our plane was scheduled to leave an hour ahead of his plane.

We were all getting ready to board a bus for the field, which was several miles from the hotel, when who should appear to see us off but Spellman. A blizzard was blowing. He wore a simple black cassock and a small skullcap. Everyone else had on either a great ulster or a heavy trench coat. The wind pierced the bones. It was no day to go out at all unless one had to, and especially not at five in the morning. I asked him if he did not think it prudent to let the blizzard blow by itself, and stay indoors until it was time for him to take off. I suggested that at least he put on a cape.

"I don't need one, Tom."

I was surprised that he did not need one when even the youngest among us were packed in camel hair, sheep

fleece or chinchilla for protection.

"Well," I countered, "you surely are wearing some very heavy underwear? In a blizzard like this, you'll be down with a cold, too."

"Oh, no," he whipped back. Without another word, he took my hand and placed it between his shoulders. I was astounded. His clothing was very light. I could feel the warmth of his healthy fiber. I knew then that he could stand things.

We all boarded the bus. Unceremoniously he took a seat on the aisle over the wheel. In a few minutes we were at the airport. We all got out near the plane. He stood around in the uncomfortable blasts and shook hands with each one of us. Then our plane was off. We saw him boarding the bus to return to the hotel alone. Hard-boiled reporters saw it. They breathed a sigh. Personages never treat us that way.

And more than anything else, when we saw Francis Cardinal Spellman of the title of St. John and St. Paul in his humble black cassock in the blizzard, shaking hands, we saw him in one of his loftiest roles.



Destroy Your Enemies

WHEN President Lincoln once uttered some kind words about the Confederates a northern woman asked how he could speak kindly of his enemies when he should, instead, destroy them.

"Madam," said Lincoln, patiently, "do I not destroy them when I make them my friends?"

T. J. McInerney.



BEAUDRY Chose to Run

By JOSEPH M. COSTELLOE, S.J.

Condensed from the *Queen's Work**

AT 14 CHUCK BEAUDRY was a confirmed invalid; at 28 he was justly hailed as America's greatest athlete; at 35 he may well be one of America's leading scholars, for what Charles has set his heart on and has a mind to do he does.

Mr. Beaudry, as he has been known to the boys of Marquette University High school for the last five years, has given up his position of teacher and track coach there to continue his studies for a doctorate in Romance Philology at Laval university in Quebec. No doubt as spring comes around again he'll take down his track shoes from their place of honor on the wall and dust off the hundred in 9.6 or 9.7 just to jar the cobwebs from his brain. But as for more big time, it's simply, "I have retired, I'm getting too old."

His friends have heard that several times. In the summer of 1945, just after he had won the greatest test of speed and stamina that the sporting world has to offer, the AAU decathlon championship, Beaudry first threatened to retire. It is true that he did not defend his title this year. Instead, he entered the AAU pentathlon, a hardly less strenuous contest, and as difficult to win because of the more specialized events. On July 4, at Brookfield, N. J.,

he defeated Eulace Peacock, title defender and six times winner of the meet, Ken Coyne, William Albans, and a field of top-notch American athletes.

By placing in four of the five events, Beaudry ran up 2,885 points. He was the first in the 200-meter dash, second in the discus, third in the broad jump and javelin. In the 1500-meter run, which in the modern pentathlon has replaced the wrestling of the old Greek "five" contest, Beaudry failed to score. Distance running has never been his forte, though it was his ability to keep ahead of Charlie Morgan of New Orleans in this event which won the 1945 decathlon championship.

Beaudry is primarily a dash man. Former captain of Marquette university's 1940 track team, he has at one time or other equaled five world records in the sprints and has more than 130 medals and trophies to indicate records in 33 different meets. His portrait as a competitor is the answer to a coach's dream: 40-yard dash, 4.4; 40-yard low hurdles, 4.8; 45-yard dash, 4.9; 45-yard low hurdles, 5.3; 50-yard dash, 5.3; 55-yard dash, 5.7; 60-yard dash, 6.1; 75-yard dash, 7.5; 100 yards, 9.6; 220 yards, 20.9; 300 yards, 31; 440 yards, 48.4; broad jump, 22' 11¼"; high jump, 5' 9½"; pole vault, 11';

*3115 So. Grand Ave., St. Louis, 18, Mo. December, 1946.

shot-put, 49' 7"; discus, 138'; javelin, 165'.

Among the muscle men who traditionally win the decathlon and pentathlon, Beaudry is something of a David. Only his supreme coordination, timing, and courage have enabled him to hold his own with the giants in shot-put, high jump, javelin, and discus. Only 175 pounds in weight, Chuck has amazed others besides Ripley by winning out over star track men with several inches and a score of pounds advantage.

But those who know him have ceased to wonder at anything he might set his mind to do. They can remember the teams he coached at Marquette High. With only mediocre material, he brought his boys to 24 victories in three years of undefeated meets. Strategy, you might call it, or a sense of timing, or leadership, or a knowledge of track. Whatever it is, it makes championship teams.

His own record is an example. Back in 1933 there was no less likely track star in Milwaukee. He had just been discharged from a tuberculosis sanatorium with a diploma bearing the caution, "If Charles does not exert himself he can do a fair amount of school work under proper hygienic surroundings." The specialists agreed, "No exertion!"

Somehow that advice did not seem to click. Chuck had some reason for doubting it. He could look back on his grandfather, his mother, sister, and six aunts and uncles who had died of tuberculosis within less than a dozen

years. They had led quiet lives. He could recall his own boyhood, nothing strenuous about it, and yet a year and a half before he had been bundled off to the hospital himself, X rays had shown his lungs scarred by the family scourge.

The doctors had added 30 pounds to his spare frame. Now weighing all of 110, Chuck reasoned that plenty of fresh air and exercise would build him up further. He began to run, down alleys, across open fields, any old place where there was no danger of bumping into slower mortals. A talk given by Ralph Metcalfe, Olympic track star from Marquette university, increased his eagerness and will to run.

When school opened, Beaudry entered as a sophomore, a wise fool if there ever was one when it came to track. In winter, when the coach called for runners, Beaudry was among the first to answer. He worked out with the team, but as a competitor he was a definite failure. But Old Leaden Shoes kept at it, all spring, all the next year, and finally as a senior earned a place on the half-mile relay. He got his letter that year, the reward of plodding perseverance.

In the fall of 1936 Beaudry entered Marquette university. Running was still a passion; working out for two and three hours a day was nothing provided he could make the freshman team. No luck that year. He even failed to gain a numeral. The next year was just about the nadir of his career. After four years of intensive work Beaudry was finally told by

Coach Conrad Jennings, "It's no use, son, you're wasting your time."

What would have surely stopped a lesser sprinter cold was only a further challenge. He'd show them he could run if it took all summer. He bought a bike. With Johnny Udovc he set out on a tour through the Central States. Pedaling 100 miles a day through Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin added height, weight, and fleetness. And the last lap home, from Boydtown, Wis., to Milwaukee, 181 miles in a single day, showed power to burn. Back in Milwaukee on the old cinder path, he sprinted, with Johnny clocking him.

Then came the big varsity test in December, the 40-yard dash with the coach at the tape. Beaudry cut it at 4.5, just .1 of a second slower than the world record set by Ralph Metcalfe. Beaudry had finally arrived, and Jennings definitely wanted to see him.

What Beaudry did for Marquette in his junior year is now ancient history. He helped Marquette win the Central Collegiate mile-relay championship by running his leg in a breath-taking 48.9; he defeated Holmes of Florida in the 220; in every meet he won at least two sprints. He was unanimously elected captain for 1940.

In his senior year Beaudry won 13 straight quarter-mile races and led his team through an undefeated season. It is still regarded as the best Marquette has ever had. Of the many trophies that began to clutter up his desk, a large gold medal from the University was the most significant, "For

excellence in athletics and scholarship." If the legend had continued, "sodalist, catechist, head of the Marquette acolytes," it would have made an even better symbol of a brilliant college career. A consistent *A* student with a flair for philosophy, Beaudry in his four years as an undergraduate had never dropped below a *B* in any course. He determined to get his M.A. in French, a language he had learned to speak at home.

Like thousands of other students', Chuck's higher education was interrupted by a little man with a black mustache. With the U. S. rolling towards war, it was only natural that he should turn his thoughts to the fleetest of the forces, the Army Air Corps. As a flying cadet in Texas, Chuck was a 90-day wonder, in for 90 days and a wonder that he ever came out alive. At Arledge Field the tail of a ground-looping PT-17 struck him to the ground. As a result of the severe brain concussion, Chuck was given a medical discharge.

To those who have experienced both, the nearest thing to the Army is a Jesuit high school. The fall of '41 found Beaudry teaching French at Marquette High in Milwaukee and continuing graduate work at the University. He worked out with the team, because he loved the thrill of a good race. Then all of a sudden, scholastic athletic regulations were let down. Freshman and graduate students were needed if college athletics were not to be a war casualty. Again Beaudry wore the blue and gold for Marquette.

In the spring of 1943 Beaudry won the sprints of every dual meet he entered and the Central Collegiate outdoor 100 and 200-yard championship. Again in 1944 under Marquette's colors he won every start but two. The spring of 1945 was the climax. He won the 60-yard dash in the Purdue and Michigan relays; set a meet record of 7.5 for the 75-yard dash in the Central indoors; equaled the world record of 5.4 in the 45-yard hurdles in the Knights of Columbus games at Cleveland; equaled another world's record of 4.4 for the 40-yard dash in the dual meet with Wisconsin; and won the 100 at the Drake relays.

In 1945 Beaudry defeated five world-record holders in five different events and the Centrals. He outran Barney Elwell in the 45-yard sprint, Herb Thompson in the 55, an event Herb had not lost in three years. He outsped Grover Kelmmer in the 100-yard dash, defeated Ed Dugger in the low hurdles, and Eulace Peacock in the 200-meter, to prove he was the season's best. Then came the great test, the decathlon in July at Brookfield. Chuck was first in the 100 and 400-meter dashes and placed high enough in the other events to come off victor in the two-day contest, with 5,886 points.

Though Chuck was ready to retire after winning the AAU decathlon, such a meteoric career was not to be brought to a close in a single day. In the Wisconsin AAU meet in the spring of 1946 he placed first in the broad

jump, low hurdles, and 40-yard dash. He successfully defended his Milwaukee municipal decathlon championship by placing first in six of the ten events, repeating his performance of 1945.

After he had won the AAU pentathlon last summer, Beaudry was content to hit the books rather than the cinder path until he read a notice on the sports page of a Quebec paper. The next day, Sept. 15, the Quebec Championship Track Meet was to be held in conjunction with the International Marathon. Though it was already 8 P.M., Chuck phoned his application. The 100-yard dash was won by the philologist in 9.6, just .1 of a second faster than the Canadian national record.

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to track and . . . Chuck and Eileen Weisner were wed in the Gesu, the college church in Milwaukee, with two of Beaudry's fellow teachers, Jesuit scholastics from the high school, Messrs. Hasting and Harris, serving the Mass. At Bay View, a Milwaukee suburb, Eileen had been a scintillating swimmer. As a coed at Marquette she tied the record of Stella Walsh, Olympic champion, in the 220-yard dash.

Though Chuck has retired to a scholar's pursuits, Eileen is still his greatest fan. In his modest manner, in his thoughtfulness of others, whether in classroom or on field, she knows that her running mate is definitely of the stuff that champs are made of.



Not now perfect

The Church Below

By KARL ADAM

Condensed chapter of a book*

ACTUAL Catholicism lags considerably behind its ideal; it has never yet appeared in history as a complete and perfect thing, but always as a thing in process of development and laborious growth: such is the testimony of ecclesiastical and social history. The primitive Church was never at any time a Church "without spot or wrinkle." The early Church for all its brilliant light had grievously dark shadows also. And the same is true in general of the Church throughout the centuries. As long as Catholicism lasts, it will feel the need for reform, for a more perfect assimilation of its actuality to the ideal which illumines its path.

The first and most obvious cause of these conflicts between the ideal and real lies in the very nature of revelation as the incarnation of the Absolute. "And the Word was made Flesh." In revelation the divine is united to the human, the infinite to the finite, the ineffable and transcendent is clothed in visible forms and signs. Two distinct factors here impinge on each other, factors which of their nature cannot be simply assimilated the one

to the other, but can only achieve a relation of similarity, of analogy.

We can grasp the actuality of the absolute, infinite, and incomprehensible, the essence and existence of God, only by means of conceptions borrowed from the world of our experience. No man has ever seen God. We have no immediate perception of the essence of God. We can speak of God only by comparisons. We are therefore aware that all our conceptions of God's being lag infinitely behind the reality.

But even all those truths which go beyond the data of nature and are directly taught us through God's revelation in His Son, do not enter our consciousness in their original nature and in their self-evident force and immediacy, but are mediated through human conceptions and notions. The dogmas in which these supernatural truths have been authoritatively formulated by the Church denote the Absolute, but are not themselves the Absolute. The conceptual forms in which they are stated belong to specific periods of time, being borrowed mostly from Greek philosophy, and express the supernatural truths truly

*The Spirit of Catholicism. 1929. The Macmillan Co., New York City. 229 pp. \$2.

and aptly and in a form intelligible in every age, but by no means exhaustively or perfectly. "We see now through a glass in a dark manner."

So there lies over the whole of our supernatural knowledge, and over the life which is rooted in this knowledge, an air of insufficiency, of sorrowful resignation, a touch of melancholy, such as Nietzsche discerned in Greek sculpture. It is true that our faith gives us the strongest certainty that the world of the supernatural is no mere dream, but absolutely genuine reality, the reality of God and His eternal life. Therefore our goal is clear; the way is clear. But we see this sublime reality only through a veil and from afar, like a mountain wrapped in clouds. Of course that fact gives our life of faith its nobility of spirit and moral character. Were divine truth to come to us unveiled, then faith would not bring any separation of souls and would not discriminate the noble, pure and unselfish man from the calculating, self-seeking egoist.

The Divine, the Absolute, can be conveyed to us mortal men only in adequate human conceptions and notions. And those instruments by whom our faith is conveyed to us are men, that is to say, intelligences conditioned by space and time, restricted by the limitations of their age and their individuality. Above all they are conditioned by the limitations of their age. Every period of time has its special character, its "spirit," a characteristic way, conditioned by its special circum-

stances, of seeing, feeling, judging and acting. The eternal light of revelation is differently reflected in the prism of each age, with different angles of refraction. The supernatural reality suffers a sort of "emptying," despoils itself, and takes the form of a slave, as the divine Word despoiled Himself when He became Man.

And supernatural truth may sometimes be so far "emptied," and so much modified by time and circumstance, that the eternal is scarcely visible any more through the veils of time and we are puzzled and distressed. The faithful Catholic is distressed by the "servile" forms which the Divine took in certain periods of the Middle Ages. He is distressed, today more than ever, by the medieval Inquisition and by the *auto-da-fé*. However much he knows that these contrivances are explained by the boundless zeal with which the medieval man, in his utterly objective attitude, willed to protect the stern reality and sublime dignity of supernatural truth; and however much he appreciates the intimate interconnection of Church and state in the medieval period, he cannot but grieve that zeal for objective values in religion and society should have sometimes weakened men's understanding of personal values, especially of the rights and dignity of conscience, albeit erroneous.

And the Catholic is grieved also by the witch trials and their numerous victims. However much he may be aware that his delusion must be regarded, not as a Catholic and religious

phenomenon, but as one belonging rather to social history, and that many hundreds of witches were persecuted and put to death in Protestant countries also, and that the first enlightened men to have the courage to range themselves with the Calvinist doctor, Johannes Weyer, and to fight in the 16th and 17th centuries against the general delusion, such men as Loos, Tanner, Laymann and Spee, were Catholics and some were Jesuits; yet he grieves very deeply for the *Witch Hammer** and for the Bull *Summis desiderantes* (1484) of Pope Innocent VIII, which although it had, as is clear from the context, no *ex cathedra* and official authority, yet "incontestably helped to further the witch delusion." The Catholic is appalled at this abasement of the Divine, and sorrowfully recognizes that even the holders of the highest and most exalted office on earth can be children of their age and slaves of its conceptions, and that the Holy Spirit in governing the Church does not guard every act of the Pope and every papal pronouncement from error and delusion, but is infallibly operative only when the Pope speaks *ex cathedra*, i.e., when basing himself on the sources of the faith and in the fullness of his power as Head of the Church and successor of St. Peter, he pronounces a decision

**Malleus Maleficarum*, a book written by two Dominican inquisitors, Henry Kramer and James Sprenger, and published at Cologne in 1489, which became the standard textbook of witchcraft in Germany. An English translation, sumptuously printed, was published in London in 1928.

in matters of faith or morals which embraces and binds the entire Church.

Still more palpable and painful does the conflict between the divine and human elements become when the in-streaming life of grace and truth is checked by human passions, by sin and vice, when Christ as He is realized in human history is dragged through the dust of the street, through the commonplace and the trivial, and over masses of rubbish. That is the deepest tragedy, the very tragedy of the Divine, when It is dispensed by unworthy hands and received by unworthy lips. An immoral laity, bad priests, bishops and popes—these are open, festering, never-healing wounds of the Body of the mystical Christ. This is what saddens the earnest Catholic and inspires his sorrowful lamentation, when he sees these wounds and is unable to help. "The Church," says Cardinal Newman in *Via Media*, "is ever ailing, and lingers on in weakness, 'always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, so that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in her body.'" It is an essential property of the Church to be so, because of her vocation to save men. Nowhere else does evil become so visible, because nowhere else is it so keenly fought. As her Master came not for the whole, but for the sick, so the Church in this world will always have her sick, will always have sores in her members, great and small.

Thus, the first series of tragic conflicts arises out of the nature of Chris-

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tianity as a supernatural and revealed religion. When the Absolute expresses Itself in time, when the Divine takes human form, it cannot but be that human imperfection should come into inward conflict with divine perfection. The second source of these conflicts lies, not in the nature of supernatural revelation in general, but in the nature of Catholicism in particular, in that which constitutes the special character of Catholicism.

In the first place, there is that conflict between authority and human liberty which necessarily results from the Catholic doctrine of authority. This conflict may be seen whenever the human ego runs up against alien, rigid and inexorable facts, against laws which seem to confine the free movement of the mind, especially in the region of theology, in the science of our faith.

The Catholic is in his faith inwardly bound to obey the authoritative teaching of his Church, which is the echo of the preaching of Jesus. On the other hand, the Church prohibits all blind faith and merely external conformity. The affirmation accorded to the Church's teaching must be a convinced and inward affirmation of the free moral personality which rests, in proportion to a man's degree of education, upon personal insight into the grounds of faith and into its historical and philosophical presuppositions. And since this personal insight cannot be attained by a scholar without severely scientific method, therefore the Church

cannot possibly be an enemy to sober criticism, least of all to the so-called historico-critical method. But Christianity is not a religion of dead documents and fragmentary records, but a life in the Holy Spirit preserved from generation to generation by the apostolical succession of commissioned preachers; and the historico-critical method, if it would not lose itself in extravagant and unlimited criticism, must adjust itself to this life which pulsates through the heritage of revealed truth.

The Church does not quarrel with the historico-critical method, or dispute the right and duty of scientific research; what she does is to guard against abuse of these things, to prevent the neglect of that living element in Christianity wherein these methods should find their final norm and standard. By means of this life of hers, by means of the clear daylight of her revealed knowledge, she is ever throwing new light upon the problems of the lower and higher criticism, upon the problems of Scriptural and patristic theology. And when she believes that central thoughts of the Christian revelation are menaced, then by means of her Congregations, not in the name of science, but in the name of her faith, she utters her prohibition against such teaching.

And here is the point where Church authority and the individual's right to give himself an account of the faith that is in him may come into conflict. It is possible that the teaching authority of the Church, as in the case of

Galileo, may in the name of the faith forbid a scientific opinion which is only in apparent contradiction with fixed dogmatic truth, and which becomes later on an irrefutable certainty. Of course, the Catholic knows that the decisions of these Congregations, even though confirmed by the Pope himself in the ordinary form (*in forma communi*), may be and have been erroneous. And he knows that the true inward assent which they require can therefore not be an unqualified assent, but only a qualified one. For such decisions, although they claim an eminent degree of consideration as emanating from the Pope's teaching power, yet appertain for all that to an earthly and fallible authority.

For the same reason, the faithful Catholic knows that he is by no means forbidden to reckon with the possibility of error in such decisions, and that he is permitted to prepare the way by more thorough study for a final solution of the question. He knows also that the Church, when such a decisive solution has been reached, has withdrawn her veto, so that that veto did not tend to the suppression of truth, but rather to its thorough demonstration, and in any case safeguarded her theology from hasty and insufficiently supported hypotheses.

Theology is the science of life, and its propositions influence life directly. The teaching authority of the Church, as being appointed by God to guard the supernatural life of the faithful, cannot and may not stand quietly by

and let the congregation of the faithful be disturbed by the revolutionary assertions which are devoid of a sound scientific basis, and which for the most part bear within them the seeds of decay before they have rightly got into the world.

In theory, therefore, there is a balance established between the official teaching authority and theological freedom of movement. But in the practical activity of research—where the questions dealt with are not such that an exact solution, an unobjectionable, exhaustive proof, can be submitted to the Church's teaching authority, but rather problems which of their nature do not lend themselves to solution by a severely exact method, but ultimately only by intuition and by a comprehensive grasp of all the data—conflicts are possible. In such a case the scholar suffers from the conflict of his ideals, when the service of truth seems to be at variance with his loyalty to the Church.

Furthermore, the special character of Catholicism gives rise to a conflict between the claims of personality and those of the community. The Church is primarily a community; it is that unity of redemption-needing mankind which is established in the person of the incarnate God. But she is at the very same time a community of persons. The Church shows herself to be the living Body of Christ only in so far as she realizes herself in living persons. Both these things, therefore, both community and personality, are of the substance of the Church, and neither can

subsist without presence of the other.

From out of the community of faith and love the personality draws its new life. And the newborn personality in its turn gives the community the best it has, the awakening and enkindling power of its faith and love, and thereby gives the community fruitfulness and growth. But a community implies a common life, and therefore there must be a definite norm for the community, a creed and a law. And the individual must willingly accept this norm, in dogma, morals, law and worship.

Here is the point where conflict is possible. Individualities are too rich and too variously made, being each a unique historical creation, each the result of a separate and special word of God, to be able to adapt themselves always and everywhere, full and without friction, to the organism of the community. There are bound to be interior difficulties and obstacles, and the process calls for self-sacrifice and devoted self-denying love. And the richer a personality is, the more does it suffer from the community, especially from that average level of life and its requirements which go necessarily with a common organization, though it is true that the community richly repays whatever the personality sacrifices to it.

The third and last series of conflicts which arises from the nature of Catholicism is the conflict between living piety and Church authority. This conflict is vividly represented in the life

of St. Francis of Assisi. Both these factors are necessary for the life of the Church. The Spirit of Pentecost must always and will always awaken new life. Ever and anon it will touch the depths of the Church's soul and set free mighty impulses and stirring movements. But so that these movements may not come to nothing, but may be permanently fruitful, they must be guided by Church authority by means of rules and laws, fixed ordinances and regulations. Personal piety requires that the Church regulate it, and define it and give it strict form, if it is not to ebb uselessly away. But on the other hand the form needs the flow of life and experience if it is not little by little to become rigid and crusted over. It needs it the more, the older and more venerable it is.

In the right coordination of these two factors lies the secret of the Church's vigorous life. When this co-operation is not maintained, or not sufficiently maintained, then "the Spirit groaneth." And there is no pain that a Catholic may endure so profound and penetrating, yet so sacred and pure, as this is. The letters of St. Catharine of Siena illustrate it, as does also the life of St. Clement Maria Hofbauer. What solution do Catholics find for these conflicts?

They solve them in the light of eschatology, in the light of the fact that according to our Lord's promises the perfection of the Church is yet to be, that the Church of glory will not appear until the end of time, and that therefore it is according to the econ-

omy of salvation that the Church of the present should remain incomplete and imperfect until the coming of the Son of Man. This incompleteness is therefore not something forced upon us for the first time by the cold logic of facts. On the contrary, our Lord Himself from the beginning left us in no doubt about it. From the beginning He described the Kingdom of Heaven as a net that contains bad fish as well as good, as a field that contains cockle as well as wheat.

But on the other hand, and this is the second principle whereby the conflict is solved, if Christ plainly prophesies sin and distress, weakness and imperfection for the earthly Church, He promises quite as definitely that the gates of hell will not prevail against her and that His spirit will abide with us unto the end of the world. The Church is a leaven which works slowly, and yet will in uninterrupted process leaven the whole resisting mass of humanity. The Catholic cannot fear, even when the Church at times seems to sink into a state of torpor, or even of lingering death. History has shown over and over again that bad periods are followed by happy recoveries, recoveries so glorious that the time of stagnation seems to be a sort of transitional stage, preparatory to the wondrous thing that is to be, a kind of winter sleep wherein the powers are collected before the awakening of spring.

That which is true of the life of the Church in general is true in particular of her preaching of the truth. The

Spirit of Truth, the Comforter, abides with the Church for ever, and He will constantly bring truth to light and truth in its complete fulness, in all its heights and depths. Though many of the depths of truth and many of its heights may have been obscured for centuries, yet a day comes when the beam of the Holy Spirit pierces the darkness and discloses the truth to the faithful.

The history of the fortunes of Aristotelianism in the Church is an instructive illustration of this fact. Catholic theologians are using in our own day, for the philosophical statement of Catholic doctrine, essentially that same Aristotelian philosophy which eminent Fathers of the Church called the "source of all heresies," in particular of Nestorianism and Monophysitism, and which, when it found its way into scholastic circles in the 13th century, was several times forbidden by ecclesiastical authority to be used in the public lectures of the University of Paris, chiefly on account of its misinterpretation in Latin Averroism.

Thoughts are like living organisms. They need not only their special soil, but also their due time, so that they may strike root and develop. And the Church has abundance of times. She does not reckon in decades, but in centuries and millennia. So she can wait until thoughts have in the light of her teaching become perfectly clear and pure, until what is genuine, true and permanent in them is recognized and disengaged from what is spurious,

false and transitory. The Church believes in the development of the supernatural knowledge of the truth. She teaches a progress of faith, and that not merely in a subjective, but also in an objective sense. The Vatican Council expressly defined the dogma that not only the individual believer, but also the Church herself can and should penetrate ever more perfectly and more profoundly into the depths of revealed truth. And so the Catholic scholar has the glad assurance that no seed of truth is vainly sown in the field of the Church.

The spirit of truth will bring every seed to maturity, when its time is come. And therefore the faithful Catholic scholar can never lose faith in his Church, since his confidence in the complete triumph of truth in the Church is unlimited and unshakable. Though he be not understood by his own age, yet he is never solitary. His thought, provided it be based on truth, will be taken into the life stream of the Church and clarified in those pure waters, so that it may in some future time, in this stream and through it, become the fertilizing water of life for many souls.

If we ask for the ultimate and deepest reason why the Church below (*ecclesia deorsum*), as St. Augustine calls it, shall never in this world attain the spotlessness and beauty of the Church above (*ecclesia sursum*), and why we may never do more than look forward hopefully to the Church of glory, we are seeking to know the mind of God Himself, and to search into the depths

of His counsel. "Who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been His counsellor?" We are face to face with a mystery which we shall never completely comprehend. We may only suppose this much about it, that the fundamental forces of God's revealed action, His holiness, justice and goodness, will prevail in this mystery also.

God permits so much weakness and wretchedness in the earthly Church just because He is good. One may even venture the paradox that the mystical Christ has taken so much weakness upon Himself for our sakes and for our welfare. For how might we, who are "prone to evil from our youth," who are constantly stumbling, constantly struggling, and never spotless, not even in our fairest virtue—how might we love and trust a Church, which displayed holiness not as a chaste hope, but as a radiant achievement? Her very beauty would be a stumbling block to us. Her glory would not allure and gladden us, but accuse and condemn us. How could she, the rich and glorious, be our mother, the mother of poor and wretched mortals? No, we need a redemptress mother, one who, however celestial she be in the deepest recesses of her being, never turns coldly away from her children, when their soiled fingers touch her, and when folly and wickedness rend her marriage robe. We need a poor mother, for we ourselves are poor.

And we need this same mother that we may be rich in humility, love, and



devotion. How could we endure it, if the earthly Church were without spot or wrinkle, if all members of the Body of Christ could regard themselves as without error and without fault? God would no longer inspire us with awe as the Only Holy. All humility and inwardness, all poverty of spirit, all love and delicate feeling would be destroyed, and their place taken by a loathsome Puritanism and a loveless fanaticism. Such was ever the fate of those sectaries who have regarded

themselves as already pure and holy, here and now, in the full sense of those words.

Therefore we love our Church in spite of, nay just because of, her poor outward appearance. The Catholic affirms the Church just as it is. For in its actual form the Church is to him the revelation of the divine holiness, justice and goodness. In her heart burns the ancient love. Out of her eyes shines the ancient faith. From her hands flow ever the ancient blessings.

Indian Givers

This is a letter recently addressed to the director general of UNRRA by a group of Pueblo Indians, governors of the pueblos of Laguna, Zuni, Sandia, Santa Ana, Sia, Jemez, Cochiti, Taos, and San Juan.

"Dear Sir: This is the governors of the Indian pueblos in New Mexico that is writing you this letter. This is what we say. Our peoples been hearing lots about the peoples and childrens in Europe and China that are starving. So we been talking over with our councils and we talk it together. So we write you this letter.

"Us Pueblo Indian peoples been living in this country long time. Our peoples they are good farmers but even if they good farmers they not raising much even in good years when lots of rain. Our peoples pray and dance for rain and live right but even in good years we raise only enough to feed ourselves. Our old custom tell us to save every year part of what we raise for like an emergency or crop failure next year. This is not much but all we have. Looks like those peoples and childrens over there get emergency. Lots of our Pueblo boys that went to war for this country now they back here. They tell us all they see. Our peoples proud of their sons and so glad they back home again to forget the war and live the right way for peace. Pretty hard for peoples and childrens to forget the war and live the right way for peace with empty bellies. So we say we haven't got much saved for our emergency but they get emergency over there so maybe we can help some. We got little corn and little wheat for that to be use. Our superintendent tell us you are the man that is sending corn and wheat to them peoples and childrens over there so we write you this letter so you take part of our corn and wheat for them peoples. That is what we say."

Quoted in *Mission Fields at Home* (Dec. '46).

Children's down payment on peace

Tale of Vienna Woods - 1947

Condensed from N.C.W.C.*

THERE is a new tale from the Vienna woods these days, a story of children. On a gentle slope in the heart of the woods overlooking Vienna is the orphanage *Kinderheim der Schwestern vom Armen Kinde Jesu* (Children's Home of the Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus), run by the nuns of the near-by convent of *Am Himmel*. As you come upon its yellow, faded, run-down façade, you feel it might once have been the retreat of someone who wished to live in peace in the heart of the singing woods. Today the woods do not sing. The world has entered.

Floors of the orphanage are close to the ground; windows are cracked; it is cold. But the physical aspect of the little building becomes insignificant as one is suddenly confronted with the human picture within. In a front room sit 60 children, quietly waiting with wide eyes to learn what is to happen to them next. They are dressed in odd bits of sweaters and coats, few with shoes, a number wearing bandages, others with diseased skins.

Here are the dregs of war, the forgotten residue of a civilization which came to throw its might into the destruction of homes, families, and human bonds of decency. Here are the

products of death, immorality, disease.

A year ago *Am Himmel* was caring for 20 children. The 60 who are there today range in age from three to six years, and must be cared for by only five women. The overcrowding is accepted as casually as you would accept your neighbor's family for the night if his house burned down. There seems to be no saturation point to the orphanages of Europe. Someone must look after those waifs, and one more is always being found. In Vienna it is accepted that both institutions and people must work to the limits of their capacities barely to survive.

A group of Americans had come one day recently to watch the distribution of shoes and clothes sent to the children of Austria by the people of America. The great box sat at one end of the room, and when 60 pairs of eyes weren't fixed curiously on the visitors, or on the nuns for an announcement, they were turned swiftly back to the box, as if expecting the lid to lift by itself. There was no talking; the children were well disciplined. They just sat, in three semicircles.

Finally, when it was announced that they could move, they were frightened. But when they began to realize what was about to happen, the wildest

*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, 5, D. C. Feb. 3, 1947.

excitement seized them. They swarmed over us, chattering their baby talk, and over to the box which had not yet been opened. Many were shy, but the stimulation of the moment soon became irresistible, and eventually only a handful remained in their chairs, still too self-conscious to move.

The box was opened. As small coats and wool dresses, caps and sweaters emerged, the children began to come forward. It was not humanly possible for the three nuns in attendance to control them. Some were too young to know what was going on, but they all knew that it was an important occasion and that they must follow toward the front.

Little groups formed. If one child had received a coat because her need was great, and another did not, there was no misunderstanding. There appeared to be a sophistication in the

acceptance of charity by those children that brought home to us the dreadful humility of want. But they were children for all that. As one ragged sweater came off and a bright new red coat was substituted, a little girl walked over to the window, wrapped her arms about herself and the coat, and just stood there with closed eyes, oblivious to the world. We have no idea what was going through that little head, but the face was radiant.

And then young Werfel, aged six, came up, and with a tremendous fear in his eyes that he might be denied, asked shyly, "Please could I have a new pair of shoes?" We looked down at his ragged sneakers. Someone began to search for his size, while another took his hand and said, "How will it seem to have new shoes again?"

And he said, "I don't know, I've never had a new pair of shoes."



Credible Fable

Two brothers, convicted of stealing sheep, were branded on the forehead with the letters S. T., meaning "Sheep Thief." One of the brothers was unable to bear the stigma, and tried to bury himself in a foreign land; but men asked him about the strange letters, so he kept on wandering restlessly, and at length, full of bitterness, died and was buried far from home. The other brother said to himself, "I can't run away from the fact that I stole sheep. I will stay here and win back the respect of my neighbors and myself." As years passed he built a reputation for integrity. Decades later, a stranger one day saw the old man with the letters on his forehead. He asked a native what they signified. "It happened a great while ago," said the villager. "I've forgotten the particulars, but I think the letters are an abbreviation of 'Saint.'"

Macartney's Illustrations.

Patterns in Segregation

By JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

Condensed from *Survey Graphic**

SOME years ago, I was invited to take part in a symposium on religion at a well-known Negro institution of higher learning. On the program was an eminent white professor of sociology in a northern university. In the course of his appeals to the students to abjure religion (religion annoyed him no end) he mentioned that he had gathered together a bulging file of cases concerning discrimination in the Catholic Church.

I forget just what he undertook to develop from his collection. This, however, is a minor matter, since his cases demonstrated a situation with which everyone interested in theology should be familiar: namely, that in the Catholic Church, as well as out of it, there can be a considerable lag between doctrine and practice, coupled with ignorance of doctrine itself.

Nevertheless, while a mere recital of grievances may have little point, a brief survey of practices in the matter of segregation is not without interest, precisely because of the conflict that appears to exist between the practice of segregation and the innate character of the Catholic Church itself. For the very essence of Catholicism is its universality. The Church is not universal

merely in a passive sense, as containing and serving all types of mankind, as a railroad or insurance company might be called universal. Its universality is something vastly deeper. From the beginning, its leaders have conceived of the Catholic Church as the Church of the human race and an inseparable part of the race; and in this concept lies the true catholicity of Catholicism.

Yet the Church does not exist for an abstraction. It exists for living, individual persons, each of whom is sealed with an infinite value, and this value is determined by eternal, divine and imperishable standards, not by mere human conventions. Hence, when the Church undertakes to apply abstract universal standards to individual human beings, it meets with an apparent conflict of rights. This becomes clear when it is realized that the right of men to be nonsegregated is fundamental, since segregation as social or religious policy contradicts the natural unity and equality of mankind.

Yet on many levels of day-to-day experience the Church finds itself unable here and now to do away with segregatory patterns and it is faced with the problem of ministering to the

*112 E. 19th St., New York City, 3. January, 1947.

individual even under a segregated status.

Two facts should be borne in mind:

1. Catholics have no separate or segregated "Church" or denomination in America or anywhere else—no "Catholic Church North" and "Catholic Church South." Whatever differences in practice are found, as later described, are merely lags in the full realization of what it means to belong to one and the same Catholic Church.

2. Catholic usage follows division into dioceses, since the Church is organized along episcopal lines. The Catholic bishop conceives it his duty to achieve, as far as possible, uniformity within his jurisdiction. In areas of the North, certain dioceses have taken a more vigorous stand against segregation than others in the same region. Hence differences of practice exist in given regions which are attributable to diocesan, rather than merely regional conditions.

We can distinguish in the Catholic Church in the U. S. four types of segregation.

1. *The traditional.* This is a pattern which is a relic of earlier slavery and postslavery conditions. It can best be observed in some very old parishes of Catholic districts in Maryland and Louisiana. It is often coupled with a mild paternalism and is considerably varied in its discriminatory effects according to local attitudes and psychology.

Where segregation prevails merely as a survival of earlier patterns, one finds two races worshipping in common

in the same church. They receive the same sacraments at the same altar and baptismal font; but a complete biracialism prevails in public worship and in all details of the ministry and of church organization. Individual organizations are biracial, such as the sodality and the Holy Name society, and church committees are biracial. In the manner of administration there is complete equality. Separate church seating is provided by "reserving" certain sections of the church for Negroes.

2. *Compensatory segregation.* Within this class are the separated institutions which are maintained because they are thought to be the only means under existing circumstances by which the Church can provide facilities for minority groups. In this instance the segregated feature is not a mere survival but is regarded as a necessary alternative to complete neglect.

Under this category could be classed, in one way or another, practically all mission work for the Negro in the South and in some northern states. In this framework is the Negro parish established as a parallel to the white parish, the parallel Negro school, hospital, and so on.

The establishment of such institutions carries no implication, *per se*, of approval of segregation as a policy, though it can easily have this practical result, unfortunately. Whatever the views of individuals may be, from the Church's point of view they are simply a recognition of, and compromise with, existing circumstances and an attempt to do the best that can be done.

As a matter of fact, a distinct evolution has been taking place in the minds of most missionaries and educators connected with separate institutions. There is an increasing recognition that such institutions can be only a passing phase, only partial fulfillment of the Church's duty toward a minority group. This point has been frequently developed in clergy conferences on the Negro question.

3. *Theoretical or planned segregation.* This practice, where used, is a deliberate instrument of ecclesiastical policy, paralleling its use in civil matters by secular authorities. This can take two forms: first, a rationalization of the separated institution on the theory that that is a good thing and, to use the popular expression, the "best way to handle the problem"; second, correlative exclusion of Negroes from white institutions with the same flimsy justification. The exclusion here is initiated by the Church and not by external conditions.

For such exclusion and for such rationalization there can, of course, be nothing but unqualified condemnation, on general ethical principles as well as for the complete incongruity with the concept of the Church itself. In many instances segregation has been taken up as a policy in perfectly good faith by well meaning but ignorant persons who deemed it a solution for an annoying difficulty. I know of examples where special pastoral work for the Negro has been started in northern cities.

A first step towards this establish-

ment was investigation of methods in the South, the naïve theory being that there the problem has been faced and that there existed a great font of useful experience. To this were joined sentimental rationalizations concerning the "happiness of people having their own churches," their pride in "having their own institutions," and so on, familiar themes in traditional defense of segregation.

In the past, this idea was by no means always imposed by whites. It frequently received confirmation from the Negroes themselves. When Negro Catholics have experienced a benign biracial pattern before migrating to the North, acceptance of this status has often become habitual. They are sometimes disturbed by what seems to be the loss of group identity in an interracial religious community. Thus, the demand for a separate institution, even in northern communities where there is no pressure for them, may receive considerable impetus from the Negroes themselves. This has led to a confusion of ideas and motives in some areas; a confusion which is now gradually disappearing. There is less and less inclination outside of the South today to look there for the pattern for integrating the Negro into life of the Catholic Church.

4. *Voluntary segregation.* Separate institutions of this nature will be found within any minority group, racial or national. An example would be certain all-Negro Sisterhoods, existence of which need not imply exclusion from Sisterhoods dominantly white. They

may have started in a separatist atmosphere, as they undoubtedly did, but that need not carry over any such demeaning implication for the future.

Within the Church the scope and effect of segregation practices have been limited, and in some areas obliterated, by counter tendencies which have been striving for integration of the Negro Catholic into the full life of the Church in the physical as well as spiritual sense. The manifestations of this integrating force also can be divided into four types, though these types do not parallel the segregation patterns.

1. *The minimum policy.* There is no separation at the altar rail, and the Negro is integrated into all essential activities and many nonessential, but the biracial pattern is still kept save in actual worship and ministry, particularly where there is direct personal contact between communicants. Many varieties are found in this matter, according to local conditions and spirit, depending on the pastor.

There are many instances in Maryland and Louisiana where biracial arrangements have been introduced by individual pastors, which were unknown in slave days. This resulted from deterioration of the old paternalism and marked the widening division brought on by economic changes and the increased antagonism of the white group following the Civil war.

2. *A definite but incomplete break with biracialism;* namely, abolition of any official biracial pattern along with opening all official Church institutions

to the Negro, at the same time maintaining a racial parish in the diocese, with full-fledged parish jurisdiction over marriages, sick calls, burials, and the like.

An example of this was found, until the arrival of the present Archbishop, Cardinal Spellman, in New York, where a distinct Negro parish, St. Benedict's on W. 53rd St., still remained. The Negro parish was later transferred to St. Charles' in Harlem, but Cardinal Spellman, whose policies are consistently interracial, has since abolished it as a strictly separate racial parish.

3. *Complete official integration.* In such a diocese there is no special parish or school for the Negro, and only such racial or minority-group institutions as are entirely voluntary. The latter are a matter of convenience, and in no sense compulsory. Complete integration in the official sense now is found in most of the Catholic dioceses of the North, particularly in New York state and in New England, as well as on the west coast.

4. *Complete actual integration.* The Negro is integrated into institutions over which the authorities have direct control, and also into all forms of Catholic life governed by the free choice and public attitudes of the Catholic people, such as free schools and other public and social institutions. The establishment of such complete integration, of course, means the death of prejudice, and this prejudice is deeply rooted and manifests itself in a vast variety of subtle and discriminatory forms. Being an absolute, this policy

has nowhere been attained on a broad scale.

It is simply the ideal towards which any interracial movement must work. We can report steady progress towards it.

The work of integrating the Negro into religious life is no longer something to be left to haphazard efforts. The very existence of religious work among Negroes or any racial minority is now seen to be dependent upon growth of the interracial spirit among all branches of the national religious community. The period, therefore, when the Catholic interracialist had to apologize for his existence, as it were, is now passed.

One by one, missionary agencies of the Catholic Church which have grown accustomed to segregation are becoming converted to the necessity of its abolition, although it has provided the very basis for their work. They realize, too, that their work cannot be accomplished in an interracial vacuum. It is also being realized more generally that this process of integration cannot be undertaken by the white race for the Negro, or by the Negro as something that he will force upon the white, but that it is a common task for both races.

Certain factors which make for this advance may be noted. There is a much greater understanding of the doctrinal position of the Church, due in great measure to the efforts of the present Roman Pontiff, who through encyclicals and personal example has pointed out the necessity for active

concern with this problem. The attitude has made a profound impression on American Catholics.

The stress laid on international relations as a result of war has inevitably underscored the importance of all that is universal in the character of Catholic teachings. It has also emphasized the ethical foundations of interracial justice, the equality of persons in human dignity, and in God.

Possibly the most fruitful of all developments has been the far too belated emergence of a Negro Catholic clergy. The Church in America for many years has had a few Negro priests, whose work was mostly confined to segregated parishes. But a significant beginning has been made in two New Jersey parishes, where Negro priests have been appointed. In one of them, largely white, the Negro priest is pastor. In both, they hear confessions, visit the sick, and bury the dead, all without any racial reference or distinctions.

In addition, there has been specific organization of the Church's interracial program. This is working toward distinctly defined ends, and according to a well-established program. Through this movement the problem of prejudice and discrimination is treated as a moral issue, as a sin, as something directly contradicting natural morality and the supernaturally revealed teachings of the Church with regard to the mystical Body of Christ and the unity of all men in the redemption.

Powerful religious arguments are

used, while ordinary common sense and civic patriotism and cooperation are appealed to. The chief agencies of this movement are interracial councils established under official auspices in different cities such as New York, Brooklyn, Washington, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit.

Experience has shown that progress is cumulative. One precedent leads to another. This has been apparent in the opening of Catholic schools and institutions of higher learning. The opening of Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart (New York City) to Negro students a few years ago, under the dynamic presidency of the late Mother Grace Dammann, heartened a host of other institutions to do the same. At present, the Catholic institution outside of the South which excludes the Negro is the exception. This applies to nursing schools and other agencies.

With each precedent, resistance becomes more difficult. The Catholic press has been particularly helpful in bringing these examples to the notice of the Catholics. The news service, NCWC, which provides syndicated material for Catholic papers, has proved extremely efficient in this respect.

Finally, there is the consciousness that integration is opportune. This has become particularly apparent in the inter-American scene. Catholics are interested in establishing cultural relations on a Christian basis with countries of Central and South America. They realize they have through re-

ligion a very close bond with their peoples. They find, at the same time, that segregatory practices give a flavor to their religion which is highly unwelcome to Latin Americans.

A Brazilian Catholic coming here is horrified by what he considers our un-Christian practice of race discrimination, particularly in regions where it is most evident. But he is still more puzzled and shocked if he sees any sanction of it by Catholic confreres. Hence, joint conferences and seminars between Catholics of North and South America have helped greatly to arouse in North American Catholics a sense of the peculiar incongruity of segregation in the Church.

A similar process takes place with regard to American Catholic relationships with Europe and the Church throughout the world. Countless Catholic GIs have returned fresh from contacts with mission populations of India, the South Pacific or West Africa. They have been profoundly moved by what they saw, and it has brought to them, as nothing before, the concept of a universal Church.

Catholic pastors and social workers alike are coming to realize the importance of integration in solving community problems. Catholic leaders, clergy and lay, have begun to realize that the attack on crime, like that on prejudice, must be made on the local level, and that the need of community cooperation and organization is steadily more apparent.

This is not intended to convey a rosy picture. The idea of segregation

as a Church policy as well as a social policy has had a vigorous life. It has had venerable precedents. It is not a matter which can be exorcized by fiat, by some simple legislation or disavowal. It is an infantile condition which men must discard.

Racialist survivals will continue to do harm, create dissatisfaction, but

their life is doomed; they are living on borrowed time. Full and complete integration of the Negro in the Catholic Church in the U.S. is a future certainty. The interracial movement that has been started will not, and cannot, be reversed. It is characteristic of the Catholic Church to move slowly, but not to reverse its path.



What Easter Means

THE words *east* and *Easter* are descendants of a common ancestor, the Sanscrit *Usra*, meaning ray of light. East is the point of the compass where daylight first appears. *Usra* became, in prehistoric Greek, *ausosa*, the dawn, which became in Latin *aurora*. The word *Easter* also descends from *usra*, appearing in the Anglo-Saxon name of a pagan goddess, *Eôstre*, whose festival was celebrated at the vernal equinox, when the sun rises due east.

The Christian day of rest was transferred from the Jewish Saturday Sabbath to the following day in remembrance of our Lord's resurrection on that day. In honor of his title as Sun



of Justice, the day of His rising was called the Sun-day.

The early English Christians did what was customary throughout the early Church, and baptized the pagan custom. They kept the solar symbolism with which the people were familiar, but gave it its full Christian signification. They allowed the chief Christian festival to be called by the name of the old pagan goddess, lest the analogies between Sun and Sunrise, Christ and the resurrection, be forgotten. And so we speak today not of the Paschal time, as do most Europeans, but of Easter time; not of Paschal day, but of Easter Sunday, the Day of the Sun when the Sun rises due east.

Graham Carey in the *Catholic Art Quarterly* (Easter '46).

What Russian Children Are Taught

By WILLIAM VAN NARVIG

Condensed from *Liberty**



EDUCATION, which was practically suspended during the war, has returned to the Soviet Union with a bang. It has taken a year to reintroduce teachers to their education tasks and to print new textbooks that include, among other things, revised information about the U. S. But now some 26 million children from eight to 15 are back in school, a great majority for the first time in five years.

The very first thing that greeted them as they opened their new primers and other textbooks last September was the printed inscription on the fly-leaf, "We thank thee, comrade Stalin, for a happy childhood."

Russia's children are brought up, to a point, by their parents. But, essentially, they are not their parents' children. Like everything in Russia today, they belong to Stalin. They are Stalin's children. Therefore they have to thank Stalin, not their parents, for a happy childhood. And it is the Politburo and the Communist party, not the parents, who determine what is good for the children to know and what sort of knowledge should be withheld from them.

Among the things Stalin's children are being taught is a rather interesting conception of the U.S. I quote from a

geography textbook for use in grade schools. It was originally written in 1938, but underneath is printed, "Revised and brought up to date in 1946." This is what it says about the U.S. "This huge, rich country is completely in the hands of a small gang of millionaires who own the capitalist industrial *combinats* (trusts)—steel, oil, coal, copper, and so on. These millionaires live in luxurious splendor while squeezing every ounce of profit out of their workers, who have no economic rights. The working day is nine and ten hours. An American worker is subject to greater exploitation, must work much harder, than a worker in Europe. By the time the American worker has reached the age of 45 he has lost his health and becomes an old man, dependent on charity.

"Because of these exploitation methods, the world economic crisis hit American capitalist industry most severely. As a result, many millions of American workers were thrown on the streets as beggars. In 1934 there were more than 17 million Americans unemployed. Unemployment reached dimensions never known in any civilized country. Much of it is still in evidence.

*37 W. 57th St., New York City, 19. Dec. 21, 1946.

"Private American agriculture is likewise in a state of decay. Having been turned into paupers, many farmers simply had to abandon their farms. At the same time the capitalist *combinats*, in their lust for greater profits, destroy millions of bushels of grain needed by the hungry and burn corn in locomotives in order to push up the price of grain and flour which the people must pay."

Naturally, the children aren't told that this decaying capitalist country helped the Soviet Union in its darkest hour; that would be ridiculous. The war, both in the West and the East, they are told, was won by the Soviet Union, which then, out of sheer goodness of heart, allowed the capitalist powers to share in the spoils of victory.

Before the schools were reopened throughout Russia on September 2, the teachers received strict instructions. These read in part, "It is the patriotic duty of every teacher to bring up active, educated and, most imperative, ideologically minded youth. Lenin himself has pointed out more than once that the schools cannot remain outside politics. The very first thing a child must learn when he enters school is that the individual is completely subordinated to the state. Individualistic expression can be allowed only along lines dictated by the state. Whenever there is a conflict between educational and ideological aims, the educational activity of school and teacher must be subordinated to the bringing up of Soviet youth in the spirit of scientific, Communistic philosophy."

Thus, Soviet children from their first day in school are brought up as ideological communists first, and as educated persons only second. Also, on their first day in school they are apprised that a great blessing has come to them: they have been accepted as Stalin's children. They must look up to Stalin, the father. At least once a week they must write brief essays or draw pictures on how they can best fulfill the wishes of comrade Stalin.

From the very beginning the Soviet child's curriculum revolves around intense Soviet nationalism. In kindergarten class he is told about Stalin's marvelous Five-Year Plan, which is designed to carry Soviet power to undreamed-of heights where it will outshine everything ever attempted in capitalistic countries.

His first steps in history center around the miraculous exploits of the Red Army and of partisan heroes in the *Fatherland War* against the Hitlerites. His first problem in arithmetic reads, "If our Stakhanovites can mine so-and-so many tons of coal in one shift, how many can they mine in three shifts?" Also, everything that is good and great in the world has come out of Russia. Thus, according to the Soviet pupil's textbook, it was not an Englishman named Stephenson who invented the locomotive, but Academician Polzunoff. The name Marconi is unknown in radio because it was Professor Popoff who invented it. Edison did not invent the first incandescent lamp; it was done by the great Russian scientist, Petroff. Incidentally, I

received my education—grade school, high school, and college—in Russia, prior to the revolution. I never heard of Polzunoff, Popoff, and Petroff.

Another innovation greeted Soviet pupils this school year. For the first time since the downfall of the Czarist regime they all had to wear uniforms. Girls must wear dark-brown pleated dresses with white collars and black aprons. Boys must appear in a black military tunic with shoulder epaulets and brass buttons. Pupils who have excelled in deportment, application, and adaptability are awarded chest ribbons.

Not all Soviet children benefit from the new educational program. Children between eight and 15 go to grade school, a compulsory course of seven years. But those who had reached 15, both boys and girls, weren't sent back to school, even though they had had little or no schooling for the past five years. Because Russia is in desperate need of labor, those who were 15 and over had to remain in the factories and on the collective farms to continue the occupations in which they had been trained during the war.

While grade-school tuition is free in Russia, textbooks and uniforms must be paid for. This is costly to the average Russian family, where there are several children. Moreover, those who want to continue beyond the seventh grade and through high school must pay a tuition fee of from 200 to 500 rubles a year. Also, textbooks and uniforms for high school are much more expensive than in grade school.

As for college, the annual tuition fee alone is 2,000 rubles, with books and uniforms taking an almost equal amount.

Today higher education in Russia is reserved almost exclusively for the offspring of the new Soviet aristocracy. And since a college education or its equivalent is absolutely essential for the achievement of a better bureaucratic position, the present educational system actually ensures the perpetuation in power of the communist upper crust.

Since the future Soviet bureaucracy will come from the ranks of high-school and college students, historic events as taught in these schools have particular significance. I have before me a brand new 1946 textbook edited by Professor A. M. Ponkratova along the lines laid down by the Politburo's propaganda office.

The most interesting part of this textbook is that dealing with events that led to the 2nd World War, and the war itself. The policies of the Soviet government are represented as having been of great wisdom and untainted justice. The Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939 is represented as a positive stroke of Soviet genius; it broke up the capitalistic encirclement engineered by England and France, who directed nazi aggression against the Soviet Union. "This wise policy of the Soviet government," the chapter concludes, "served to raise the important role played by the Soviet Union in the solution of international problems and its authority in the estimation of the

working masses of the whole world."

The final chapter is entitled *The Great Fatherland War of the Soviet People Against Hitler's Germany*. The contributions of the western powers in this struggle are represented as negligible. The North African and Italian campaigns are disposed of in one sentence. Tribute is paid to the Allied invasion of France, but this is immediately counteracted by ascribing the Anglo-American action to the "military successes of the Red Army which drew the strategic reserves of the Germans from the West." Of lend-lease, not a single word. On the contrary, Soviet factories supplied the Red Army with the necessary planes, tanks, and all other equipment. It was also the Soviet state and collective farms which provided the Red Army and the people with the necessary food. Franklin D. Roosevelt is mentioned just once, and then merely as the head of the American delegation at the Teheran meeting. The only non-Russian leader singled out for favorable comment is Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia.

A brief appendix deals with the Soviet invasion of Manchuria and Korea. Here again the Soviet Union is singled out as the victor over a powerful Japan. American participation in the Pacific war is not even mentioned.

Residents of New York will find of particular interest the description of their city in Soviet geography textbooks. "New York is a gigantic city in which the houses of the ruling millionaires are grouped around an artificial creation they call Central park.

The outskirts are full of filthy slums where immigrant workers must live in small, crowded, dirty houses made of stone or wood. The cost of living is terribly high, especially with one-third of the population of this gigantic town habitually unemployed and receiving no help from the bourgeois state."

Russia's growing generation is being brought up in a spirit of unbridled materialism. The Russian youngster is told that worldly achievement in the interests of the Communist party, which is the only dispenser of economic security and personal distinction, is all that matters in his life. A future life does not exist except in the nebulous conception of abstract dreamers who are of no use whatsoever in practical life, and therefore it would be outright folly to look forward to anything like that.

The Russian child is also taught that the Soviet Union is the only nation in the world that stands for right, justice, and peace. It is the Soviet Union that will lead the world into an era of greater glory, will establish right and justice wherever rapacious exploitation and grasping hypocrisy now reign unabashed. The capitalistic nations know, of course, that this is going to happen. They are even likely to start a capitalistic war against the Soviet Union in their desperation to escape a fate which they have so richly deserved. But the Soviet Union will triumph.

However, the road to triumph will be a difficult one to travel. It will be

full of traps and pitfalls set cunningly by the capitalistic nations. It requires great wisdom to recognize these pitfalls and avoid falling into them. Only Stalin and the Communist party possess this wisdom. Therefore Stalin and the Communist party must be believed and obeyed implicitly.

Naturally, in a materialistic-nationalist doctrine of this sort there can be no room for a belief in God or Christian principles. The supreme teaching of the Gospel, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," cannot apply. For this reason Russian children today do not receive religious instruction of any kind.

The Soviet Constitution states, "The school is separated from the Church." It also decrees that church buildings are for the purpose of worship only and may under no circumstances be used for religious instruction. When the Communist party made its peace with the Church in 1943, the question of religious instruction for the young was brought up. The Soviet authori-

ties then declared that parents have the right to teach the Scriptures to their children at home. They also have the right to organize in groups of 20 or more, to hire a priest or any other ecclesiastic for giving religious instruction to their children "in premises especially provided for that purpose." But before any such project is started it must first be approved by the Soviet Office for Church Affairs or its local representative. A considerable number of such applications were filed. Each was returned with the stereotyped observation, "Because of the housing shortage, no space can be provided now, or in the near future, for purposes unconnected with state security."

Russian parents have given up.

The attitude of one Russian mother of five to whom I talked is typical. "Nothing we can do about it." Then, on a somewhat bitter note, she added, "They aren't my children anyway, even though I bore them. They are Stalin's children."

Grandmother's Girl

An excited citizen rushed into the offices of the FBI in Chicago during a wartime spy scare, waving a little black notebook. "I found it on the elevated, he said; "it's in code."

J. Edgar Hoover's local agent examined it, and it read: "K1, P2, Co8," and so forth. Putting the vast, intricately cumbersome machinery to work, he found he couldn't break it; he had to send it to Washington for really expert attention.

It took a young lady clerk in a back FBI office to finally decode it: "Knit one, purl two, cast on eight."

John S. Brockmeier in *Our Sunday Visitor*.

THE CHURCH IN THE U.S.

By JOHN EPPSTEIN

Condensed from the *London Tablet**

AT THE invitation of the editors of the Catholic weekly *America*, I recently had the good fortune to spend two months in traveling through the U. S. from coast to coast. To one accustomed to the small scale of Catholic life in England and, on the other hand, to the homogeneity of the Catholic body in most European countries, it takes time to sense the realities of the Church's life in America. The first impression is of size. In almost any town there appears, at short notice, an audience of 1,000 to 2,000 Catholics to hear a comparatively unknown Englishman lecture. The average church is, by our standards, large; on Sundays packed, and with more than the sprinkling of faithful at the weekday Masses to which we are accustomed. On the outskirts of any large town there seems to be one if not two colleges, each of 500 to 700 serious young ladies studying for degrees with the aid of nuns, priests and, generally, a lay faculty. The Catholic men's universities and colleges, ranging from 500 to 10,000 undergraduates each, are even more impressive.

Almost everywhere the Church seems to be growing rapidly. At Syracuse, N. Y., I was confronted with a large, eager audience, half men, though the Catholic Women's league had or-

ganized the meeting, who rose like a bird to a quotation from Chesterton's *Lepanto* and peppered me with questions about Eastern Europe and Spain; no one had succeeded in pulling wool over *their* eyes. There I learned that a new college for men, Des Moines college, was in process of formation by the Society of Jesus. They had not waited for buildings, but already had about 300 young men, mostly veterans, attending lectures in hired halls, and, presumably, sleeping wherever they could. In Southern California, the Catholic population has risen in 20 years to half a million from a fifth of that number; and all the churches, colleges, houses of retreat, and seminaries which one sees, but for the few lovely old yellow mission buildings of Spanish days, seem brand new. In Salt Lake City, the Mormon Vatican, the Catholic cathedral, boldly put up in prominent position 30 years ago by the enterprising bishop with a flock of barely 4,000 to his crook, is now the center of a diocese of 20,000. Here I spoke to a meeting of the Converts' league at the invitation of the wise and eloquent Bishop Hunt, himself a convert.

To reduce these impressions of size, vitality, and expansion to figures: there are 150 dioceses, grouped in 21 ecclesiastical provinces, with a Cath-

*128 Sloane St., London, S. W. 2, England. Jan. 18 and 25, 1947.

olic population of 24 million, at a conservative estimate, and 38,000 priests. Despite the free state education, nearly 8,000 Catholic parishes maintain their own nun-staffed elementary schools, where the fees are either very low, and scaled to encourage large families, or nonexistent, cost being met by the parish. There are between 1,500 and 1,600 Catholic high schools, 131 universities and university colleges for men, and 638 such colleges for girls.

I had the privilege of visiting a good many of them. The men's colleges, like all institutions of university standard in the U. S., are filled to bursting with ex-servicemen, profiting from the GI Bill of Rights to study for degrees at the expense (mostly) of the nation. There are 153,809 Catholic undergraduates now instead of 91,444 in 1939-40. They even overflow into the girls' colleges. At Seton Hill, Greensburg, Pa., I found 50 war veterans studying with 500 girls. The nuns thought it an excellent idea; so, no doubt, do the veterans. At Georgetown, the oldest Catholic university, with its charming quadrangle and colonial pump house, I found three undergraduates sleeping in a room meant for one. The same problem of accommodation is acute everywhere: at many places army huts have been fitted as dormitories. Fordham, at New York, now has a student population of 8,150. De Paul university, Chicago, is largest, with 11,506. Notre Dame, of football fame (the football team is called "the Irish" in the sport news, but largely consists of Poles) has 4,500. As I walked

through St. Louis to my evening lecture, the windows in the many-storied university buildings were ablaze with light; for here lectures in several of the schools are given on the shift system, morning, afternoon, and evening; it is impossible to accommodate more than a fraction of the students taking a particular subject in any one hall. Here the student population has almost doubled: 9,000 against 4,830 before the war. St. Louis, Mo., is "the Rome of the West," with 700,000 Catholics out of a population of a million. Its Catholic university straddles the center of the town; the college church stands at the center crossroads and seems to be full of people going to confession at all hours of the day.

As to the quality of Catholic life, and especially of higher education, I found much humility, and a tendency among parish priests, university teachers, and the educated laity to disparage the effect of large classes. They seemed to think that American Catholic colleges lacked the depth and quality of English university teaching; but I am not so sure. Clearly, with such a mass of students individual tutoring is impossible; the veteran or the boy from high school is left to sink or swim. But never have I seen undergraduates in an English university working as hard as the young Americans are. Any college library on the hottest afternoon is packed with students, lately demobilized, sitting on every chair, table or window ledge on which the human frame can be lodged, and swotting for all they are worth.

So much for the strength of the Catholic body in the U. S. as it appears to the naked eye. Why, then, is its influence not more apparent in the public life and foreign policy of the country? The Catholics are close upon a fifth of the population; they form the largest single religious society, well over a third of all who profess attachment to any religion, and their schools, colleges, and charitable institutions outnumber such establishments of all the other denominations put together. Yet it is only rarely, and under stress of war or economic crises, that a President or secretary of state is found to do or say anything which corresponds to specifically Catholic desires. President Roosevelt, some years ago, warned by an adviser that some policy of his would alienate the Catholic vote, replied, "There is no Catholic vote."

While this is perfectly consistent with the practice of the Catholic religion, it operates against anything like the formation of an *imperium in imperio* by the Catholic body comparable to that of American Zionism; it operates against aggressive minority action of any kind; it inclines the Catholic laity to vote Republican or Democrat, as a matter of course, according to local feeling or interests, rather than to make their religion an issue at elections. It means that the mode of action or influence of the Catholic laity, when it is aroused, is more that of a leaven in American society as a whole than that of a distinctive sect or section; and, as American Catholics, and many of their fellow citizens as well, become

more and more educated in the realities of international life—and that education is proceeding far more quickly and thoroughly in the U. S. than it is here—that influence grows steadily greater.

To start with my own experience. Here was I, a foreign Catholic, entirely unknown except for a book called *The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations*, which I compiled ten years ago for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and which is out of print anyway. Yet I found myself invited to more Catholic colleges, universities, and forums than I could pack into about seven weeks' traveling between Montreal and Los Angeles, San Francisco and Baltimore. I had to speak everywhere on the substance of the Christian doctrine of international ethics and its application to the problems of the day: the United Nations in theory and in practice; war in the atomic age; trusteeship; the impact of Soviet power on Europe and the world; the reconstruction of Western Europe; the German question. Large popular audiences wanted the broader picture; before highly educated groups, such as the great Jesuit seminary of the Maryland and New York provinces at Woodstock or the diocesan seminary at Rochester, I had to speak to the best of my ability the language of the moral theologian, and lecture on the ethics of intervention, with special reference to Spain and Eastern Europe. But what was far more important than the phenomenon of many thousands of Catholics listen-

ing to that kind of thing was the volume and quality of the questions. I adopted the plan of having them written down, and returned to New York City with a suitcase full of them. A few, of course, were funny, but the vast majority were very intelligent questions indeed, and revealed far greater knowledge of such matters as the food situation in Germany and Italy, the real nature of Soviet policy, the actual political conditions in Poland, Yugoslavia or Hungary, the realities of the Spanish question, or the moral defects of the United Nations Charter, than, I believe, you would find in any comparable English gatherings.

How did such knowledge find its way to places and people all over the great continent? In the first place, nearly all American daily papers carry more uncensored world news than the English dailies, nor do radio commentators practice the *disciplina arcani* of the BBC. Then there is the wide-awake and sometimes passionate interest of Americans of various European origins in the plight of their mother countries, which has no equivalent here.

But Christian charity has been the great educator. There is not a Catholic parish nor college which has not had repeated appeals from the pulpit for relief in kind for the suffering of Europe; and each such appeal has been buttressed with facts, figures, and descriptions of social, economic, and political conditions, mainly supplied by the National Catholic Welfare Con-

ference and its foreign correspondents. I heard one such appeal in December at Omaha. It was the day when a nation-wide campaign for clothes and shoes to be sent to Germany, Poland, and other afflicted countries was launched in all the Catholic churches. We learned that 53 million cans of food had already been given for relief purposes in Europe by American Catholics and distributed, but that the cold of the impending winter made clothing more immediately urgent. Graphic descriptions were given of the way in which German Catholic children in the Ruhr and Rhineland could not go to school for lack of shoes. All this has made the practicing American Catholic Europe-conscious as never before.

So much for the ways in which American Catholics are learning and feeling about foreign affairs as Catholics, with some indication of the practical consequences. What of their influence as U.S. citizens within the general body of public opinion? First of all, the Catholic intelligentsia in the widest sense, including the large proportion of the Catholic people who have benefited or are now benefiting from the great system of Catholic higher education, and those who form the lively Newman clubs, which exist in all non-Catholic universities, is as much fired with the ideal of "One World" as are most other thoughtful Americans. The emphasis in all this discussion, about world government and organizing the world for peace, is less sentimental in Catholic circles than elsewhere; it concentrates upon

the primacy of the moral law, and is wide awake to the reality and power of sin. This is a tonic contribution to the formation of a national conscience in the matter.

Now that the question of working out an International Bill of Rights in the Human Rights commission of the United Nations is coming up, we find plenty of evidence of Catholic cooperation in the drafting of the bill drawn up by the American Federation of Labor and submitted to the United

Nations (as the federation, being a recognized consultative body on the Social and Economic council, has a right to do). In short, just as Catholics have a *negative* enthusiasm in common with the prevailing trend in the U. S. today, namely the hatred of communism, so (what is more valuable) they are coming to have a *positive* aim in common with the best and most typical of their fellow citizens, namely the achievement of peace on the basis of justice and liberty.



Answers to "How's That Again?"

(Page 27)

1. Pectoral cross (PECK-tor-al): jeweled cross worn by a bishop on a chain around his neck.
2. Ombrellina (Om-brel-LEEN-ah): small canopy carried over the Blessed Sacrament in processions.
3. Lectionary (LECK-shun-airy): book of readings for Matins; the book of Epistles and Gospels used at Mass.
4. Clerestory (CLEAR-story): that part of a church which rises clear of the roofs of the other parts, with windows for lighting the center aisle.
5. Aspergill (AHS-pair-gill): short-handled holy-water sprinkler.
6. Schola cantorum (SKOL-ah-can-TOR-oom): choir members of a monastery or seminary who sing the more difficult portions of the Mass; hence, in general, a choir.
7. Gremial (GRAY-mee-ahl): apron of silk or linen of the color of the day, used by the bishop when seated while pontificating at Mass or when anointing during ordination ceremonies.
8. Reredos (RAY-ray-dos): ornamental screen or wall behind the altar.
9. Campanile (KAM-pan-aisle): bell tower, usually near a church.
10. Vesperale (Vesp-er-AH-lay): chant book containing the Office of Vespers alone.



Charmingly in error

The Case of the MAGNIFICENT YANKEE

By EDWARD F. BARRETT, Jr.

Condensed from *Columbia**

IT'S HARD to kill a legend, especially the legend now rapidly forming around the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. Readers of his correspondence and collected papers, edited by his friend, Prof. Harold Laski, are usually captivated by his personal charm. Catherine Drinker Bowen catches it unforgettably in *Yankee from Oylmpus*. Theater audiences have been enchanted by Emmet Lavery's play *The Magnificent Yankee*, the most recent contribution to a Holmes legend. And Hollywood is yet to come. To law professors Holmes is an idol. To their students he is a model. Thousands who gather under the crazy quilt of "liberalism" invoke his name.

Against this formidable array, what can logic do? It is not a pleasant task to irritate the thousands who return, misty-eyed, from Mr. Lavery's play. Logic is always a kill-joy. Indeed, Holmes himself, as a young professor 60 years ago at Harvard, cast logic out, when he said that "the life of the law has not been logic but experience."

Undoubtedly Justice Holmes helped liberalize the application of the due-

process clause. No American can forget that. Lawyers will gladly acknowledge his courageous insistence upon maintenance of civil liberties in war and peace. He was not merely a retailer of dusty precedents but something of an economist and sociologist as well.

We are driven, however, to ask some questions. What philosophy of law inspired Justice Holmes' contributions? Can we feel safe with judges who have recourse to Holmes' philosophy of law to find a foundation for democratic rights and liberties?

Holmes never wrote any complete treatise on the philosophy of law. We must gather his philosophy from widely scattered sources, from his opinions written as a judge, from lectures as a law professor, and from miscellaneous writings and occasional addresses, which he once called "fragments of my fleece which I have left upon the hedges of life."

Holmes appears to have set out early to separate, in the name of what he called accurate legal thinking, the domain of law from that of morals. Thus he wondered "whether it would not

*New Haven, 7, Conn. February, 1947.

be a gain if every word of significance could be banished from the law altogether." He thought that "our morally tinted words have caused a great deal of confused thinking." He asserted that a "right" was "an empty substratum," a something we used as a term "to pretend to account for the fact that courts will act in a certain way." In 1897, he had said that law is "the prediction of the incidence of the public force through the instrumentality of the courts." Thus did the "Magnificent Yankee" drain the law of its moral content.

To the question: what is a right? we get from Justice Holmes only the answer which Hitler and Stalin have carried to its logical conclusion, law is the command of the sovereign. Said Holmes, "Manifestly, nothing but confusion of thought can result from assuming that the rights of man in a moral sense are equally rights in the sense of the Constitution and the law."

Or Justice Holmes may answer the question as he did in a letter to Sir Frederick Pollock, "I am so skeptical as to our knowledge about the goodness or badness of law, that I have no practical criterion except what the crowd wants." In a supreme-court decision he said, "The laws know nothing but legal rights," an observation less illuminating than it is tautologous, and, it might be added, a somewhat flattering unction for the judges of the Third Reich to lay upon their festered consciences. For behind the tautology we find Holmes' *ultima ratio* of law—force. "Truth," he says, "is the ma-

jority vote of the nation that can lick all the others." "When theory is left on one side, sovereignty is a question of strength." "Just so far as the aid of the public force is given a man, he has a legal right, and this right is the same whether his claim is founded in righteousness or iniquity." It would not be difficult to parallel quotations from the "Magnificent Yankee" with quotations of similar purport from the pages of *Mein Kampf*. Hitler was less elegant.

Though Holmes sought to cleanse legal thinking of moral phraseology, he was perforce compelled to seek, in spite of himself, some deeper philosophic explanation of the universe, of which man's positive law is but a puny fragment. Revealing, indeed, are his philosophic speculations. Early in life Holmes appears to have abandoned Christianity. What took its place? A melancholy skepticism sought comfort in a vague pantheism which suggests the influence of Spinoza, and, in the end, as the curtain fell, a kind of wistful fatalism, striving hard to be courageous in the face of insistent questions left unanswered, a fatalism expressed sometimes in the pagan beauty of the ancient classics, sometimes in a raw cynicism crude in its brutality. "I wonder if cosmically an idea is any more important than the bowels." "We know nothing about the special cosmic significance of man." "The universe is a spontaneity taking an irrational pleasure in a moment of rational sequence." "Life is an end in itself. Functioning is all there is." "We are

private soldiers who have not been told the plan of campaign or even that there is one." "Our test of truth is a reference either to a present or to an imagined future majority in favor of our view."

Holmes believed himself to be "an intelligible moment of the unintelligible." He declared he saw no reason "why a man should despair because he doesn't see a beard on his cosmos. If he believes he is outside it, not it inside him, he knows that consciousness, purpose, significance, and ideals are among its possibilities, and if he surmises *in vacuo* that these are all finite expressions inadequate to the unimaginable, I see no more ground for despair than when a Catholic says he does not know the thoughts and purposes of God. It is a fallacy to look to any theory for motives. We get our motives from our spontaneity, and the business of philosophy is to show that we are not fools for doing what we want to do."

Once more the question comes on, insistent, inevitable: where does such philosophy leave the individual human being as against the mighty Leviathan of the modern state? Can any such theory of human rights rest securely on such a foundation? Certainly one may admit that a wide area for freedom of human action can be staked out by a skeptic, who sees mankind pressing on in a kind of blind evolutionary process toward goals unknown and unknowable. Often in his opinions, particularly those wherein he refuses to apply the shackles of "due

process" to state social legislation, the ground of Holmes' belief seems to be a kind of cynical, almost amused, indifference.

In the Virginia compulsory-sterilization case (*Buck v. Bell*, 274 U. S. 200), speaking for the majority, Holmes sustained the constitutionality of a state statute providing for compulsory sterilization of mental defectives. "We have seen more than once," he said, "that the public welfare may call upon the best citizens for their lives. It would be strange if it could not call upon those who already sap the strength of the state for those lesser sacrifices, often not felt to be such by those concerned, in order to preserve our being swamped with incompetence. It is better for all the world, if instead of waiting to execute degenerates' offspring for crime, or to let them starve for their imbecility, society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the Fallopian tubes. Three generations of imbeciles are enough."

There is nothing here which might not have been used in the reasoning processes of the judges of Belsen and Buchenwald. There is not the slightest indication of any appreciation of the essential sacredness of the human being. If he "saps the strength of the state," let legislatures devise ways to remove him. That is the plain, logical conclusion. True, the "Magnificent Yankee's" disdain of logic, or his much heralded sense of "judicial self-

restraint," might have kept him from such a conclusion. But Holmes is gone. We are concerned with followers and admirers who have adopted his philosophy but have not inherited his "self-restraint." Yet Holmes once wrote to Pollock, "There is too much fuss about the sanctity of life." And again, "Man has thought himself a god and has despised 'brute matter,' instead of thinking his importance to be all of a piece with the rest." Can any firm and lasting foundation for human rights be found in such "philosophy"? May we not submit that the "Magnificent Yankee" has left us naked and defenseless against the thrust of the totalitarian state?

In the famous *Gitlow* case (268 U. S. 652), involving constitutionality of New York legislation against criminal anarchy, Justice Holmes, dissenting from the majority, declared that "if in the long run the beliefs expressed in proletarian dictatorship are destined to be accepted by the dominant forces of the community, the only meaning of free speech is that they should be given their chance and have their way." Thus, we have fatalism and subjectivism making paths straight and preparing for the coming of a Leviathan more terrible than that conjured by Hobbes, Holmes' acknowledged master. A depressing fatalism lies behind the suggestion that blind forces may be at work which "destine" the "dominant forces of the community" to accept proletarian dictatorship and its ideologies. There is subjectivism in the covert assumption that there is no

objective standard or set of values by which rational men may test the form of government under which they choose to live, as our fathers made that test in 1776. One can conceive the sentiments of Justice Holmes, in the case cited, being quoted with loud applause at a Nuremberg *Parteitag* as the National Socialist party worked its way to power under the free-speech provisions of the dying Weimar Republican Constitution. Free speech to Justice Holmes appears to mean that the Bill of Rights is a mandate for us to commit suicide.

Holmes' low regard for the essential sacredness of human life is apparent in his writings. He looked upon man as a "cosmic ganglion," "a momentary intersection of what, humanly speaking, we call streams of energy such as give white light at one point and the power of making syllogisms at another," "an unseverable part of the unimaginable in which we live and move and have our being, no more needing its mercy than my little toe needs mine."

In view of this, it is not hard to see why Holmes should find no "sacred rights" destroyed by a state statute which forbade the teaching of any subject in school except in the English language (*Meyer v. Nebraska*, 262 U. S. 390). But then, we are puzzled to find that from Holmes there came no flaming dissent when the supreme court struck down the Oregon law which compelled all parents to send children to public schools. "Liberals," who delight to honor the memory of

the "Magnificent Yankee," might well recall that it was not their idol, but their *bête noir*, the late Justice McReynolds, who, speaking for the unanimous court, said that "the liberty of parents and guardians to direct the upbringing and education of children under their control" was impaired by the Oregon statute. It was McReynolds, not the "Magnificent Yankee," who said that "the fundamental theory upon which all governments in this Union repose excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the state; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."

Surely such an opinion, rock-bottomed as it is upon natural law, in which Holmes, in his own words, "did not believe," should have called forth from him some pungent dissent. Was his failure to do so inspired by a sense of "judicial self-restraint," or by a disdain of the logical conclusion flowing inevitably from the premises oft expressed in his legal thinking?

Coming from one who called ethics "a body of imperfect social generalizations expressed in terms of emotion," Holmes' assertion that he did not "pass moral judgments, least of all, on nations," is logically consistent and need not surprise us. Some of Holmes' worshipers may find it difficult to reconcile their devotion to the master with

their own loud applause as the traps were sprung in Nuremberg. But then, of course, we must remember that "the life of the law has not been logic, but experience."

As Holmes' life drew to a close, the old, old questions, old as humanity itself, would not down. There was still the eternal "Why?" Why should the "cosmic ganglion" struggle? And for what? The teleological theme, ever recurrent in humanity, reappeared and demanded attention. In a short paper on the natural law, a concept which Holmes dismissed with humorous disdain, we get his attempted answer to the everlasting questions. "We shall fight, all of us, because we want to live, some at least because we want to realize our spontaneity and prove our powers, for the joy of it; and we may leave to the Unknown the final evaluation of that which in any event has value for us. It is enough that the universe has produced us and has within it, or less than it, all that we believe and love." "I think the proper attitude is that we know nothing of cosmic values and bow our heads—seeing reason enough for doing all we can and not demanding the plan of campaign of the General—or even asking whether there is any General or any plan. It is enough for me that this universe can produce intelligence, ideals, etc."

Shall we rest the superstructure of human rights, which it has been democracy's great glory to protect, upon so vague a philosophic foundation? Perhaps, again, Holmes' self-restraint

might save us from the dangers to which his philosophy exposes us in the field of law. But let his followers assure us that judges of today and tomorrow, face to face with all the noble values of democracy and the problem of their preservation, and drawing upon the philosophy of Justice Holmes, will exercise his self-restraint. We submit that in that philosophy there is to be found no guarantee that they will or that they can.

This, then, seems to be the essentially dangerous character of Holmes' influence on American jurisprudence. His long career as a judge is forever identified with decisions which freed American law from some cast-iron shackles foolishly riveted upon it by earlier generations. These decisions, making up a magic leaven which a

mere tyro can see working through the decisions of the supreme court today, may blind us to the fact that Holmes stands for a philosophy of law which, if carried to its ultimate conclusions, may give away the case for democracy itself. Democracy is a system founded upon the concept that legal rights and duties are not bloodless abstractions, devoid of moral or ethical content, but living realities which derive their very souls, their very permanence, from moral and ethical exemplars present to the mind of God, the Creator, as the eternal Law. There alone, and not in the skepticism or pantheism of the "Magnificent Yankee," our fathers found, and we shall find, the bulwarks of our protection as the uncertain future comes upon us.



Flights of Fancy

Love triangles usually turn into wrecktangles.—*The Bengalese*.

So cold, the sun comes in the windows to get warm.—*W. C. Adams*.

A smile as wide as a mouthful of candy.—*Alan Rinehart*.

Mountains, a family of giants out for a walk.—*Lord Dunsany*.

Jars of peaches, faces pressed against their prison walls.—*Farm Journal*.

Weather so uncertain you don't know what to hock.—*Milton Berle*.

Quieter than a possum rummaging in a bag of lint.—*Senator Claghorn*.

The atom bomb will bring peace—with or without people.—*N. Y. Times*.

Tried by the Monday Back-Yard court.—*Mary L'Abbé*.

The caution of a spoiled child after his first week in school.—*Walter Farrell*.

THE HOLY SHROUD OF TURIN

By G. R. GARRETT

FOR many years, two learned commissions, a French-Italian one in Europe, a North American one in this country, have been lavishing every resource of science and learning on a rectangular piece of linen known as the Holy Shroud of Turin which for centuries has been popularly venerated as the shroud of Christ.* The interest of scholars in the shroud dates from 1898, when an amateur photographer, Enrico Pia, by profession a lawyer, took the first photographs that had ever been made of the shroud imprints, and discovered to his surprise that he had secured on his negatives positive images possessing a clarity and realism wholly unfindable in the images on the shroud. The transformation was most startling as regarded the face, which from a slightly repellent chiaro-scuro emerged on Signor Pia's negatives as a countenance of striking majesty and beauty, showing the most delicate modeling in every contour. There was one exception to this negative-to-positive phenomenon. The bloodstains on the shroud were dark or positive as bloodstains would be naturally; and on the negatives, of course, these became negative or light by reversal.

Since it was clearly impossible for any medieval painter to have simulated a photographic negative centuries be-

fore this phenomenon had been discovered, the conviction forced itself on two scientists, Dr. Yves Delage, professor of physics at the Sorbonne, and Dr. Paul Vignon, professor of biology at the Catholic Institute, that the images must have been formed by some natural process analogous to photography and involving an actual human body. Experimentation disclosed that it was possible to secure brown stains on linen like those on the shroud by treating the linen with aloes and exposing it to ammoniacal vapors such as are thrown off at death by the human body, and in large amount where death has been preceded by prolonged agony. Further experiments showed that by moistening plaster casts and bas-reliefs with some ammoniacal compound and covering them with a cloth which had been treated with aloes, negative images of the surfaces of these objects could be secured which upon conversion to positives by photography evinced a high degree of fidelity to the surfaces so copied.

This vaporography hypothesis formed only a starting point for studies which embraced every possible source of information on the whole problem: archaeology, iconography, Jewish burial customs, and of course, the evidence of the four Gospels. Massive and converging evidence from these fields convinced them that the shroud was

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, July, 1945, p. 54.

that of Christ and that its imprints were actual imprints of His crucified, flagellated Body, formed while it lay in the tomb.

Upon publication of this thesis in a volume by Dr. Vignon in 1902, the general reaction of critics was one which ran from "not proved" to a polemic incredulity which seized upon every mote which could be found that clashed with the Delage-Vignon findings. The most formidable criticism, however, emanated from the famous medievalist and Catholic priest, Ulysse Chevalier, who attacked the shroud in the name of documentary history. It had no attestation whatever, he contended, prior to 1353, when it was presented to the canons of Lirey in Southern France by one Geoffrey de Charny, and its history thereafter was one of the most damaging character, as far as any claim to authenticity was concerned. Two bishops of Troyes had denounced it as a painted fraud inspired by avarice; the second declared that 40 years earlier his predecessor had extracted a confession from the painter who had painted it; and papal briefs had been issued enjoining that at every showing it be announced that it was merely a painted representation and not an authentic relic.

As for the negative character of the images, the canon said he would have to leave that issue to scientists, but he felt assured they would find that some chemical transformation in the original pigments was responsible for it. Both Dr. Delage and Dr. Vignon were satisfied that the imprints were not of

artificial origin but at the moment very few persons had had any opportunity to study the Pia negatives firsthand; the negatives themselves had been taken by an amateur with no thought of securing scientific evidence; and the shroud itself had long since been returned to its reliquary, there to remain for three decades. Most persons were inclined to account the Chevalier thesis as sound and conclusive.

In 1931 the shroud was once more placed on exposition and it became possible not only to scrutinize it at close range but to take new photographs on emulsions enormously superior in sensitivity and color trueness to Signor Pia's amateur ones. Many of the photographs made by Giuseppe Enrie were enlargements permitting the most detailed scrutiny of every marking and discoloration, and their evidence that the markings were not of artificial but of natural origin leaped to the eye and demanded no painstaking study.

Transformations of paintings and frescos to negative form have occurred in a few instances through the effect of atmospheric impurities on the chemical pigments. In each of these works, however, the painted character of the work is one which is recognizable instantly both by the presence of recognizable solid pigments and by the sharp division between the opposing tones which have undergone inversion in opposing directions. No trace of solid matter can be found on the shroud; whatever be the chemical or physical nature of the stains they are

inextricably united with the threads of the fabric. They are not duochromatic but monochromatic, and have therefore no two tones to have undergone reciprocal inversion. No dividing lines exist to separate one tone from another, but the varying intensities merge indistinguishably into one another as in a photographic negative of low contrast. The notion therefore that the imprints were artificially made is today rejected by all who have studied the problem in terms of this evidence.

Because of the minuteness of detail and shading made visible in the Enrie photographs, both exact measurement of the stains and discrimination between those caused by blood, serum, and perspiration have been possible. Dr. Pierre Barbet, physician at the Hospital St. Joseph in Paris, spent more than a year on experiments with actual cadavers in correlating the evidence of the shroud stains with exact anatomic and physiologic data.

Two bloodstains emanate from the wound in the side, one dark and prominent, the other more diffuse and flowing down one side of the body. Making a zinc plaque of the size of the more prominent stain, Dr. Barbet affixed it to the side of a pupil whose proportions matched those of the figure on the shroud. By X-raying plaque and pupil, he was able to secure an exact anatomic map of the region involved. Thus oriented, he inflicted a wound upon a cadaver so placed that it traversed about eight centimeters and penetrated the right ventricle. In the cadaver this organ and the adjoining

superior *vena cava* are filled with blood; the blood flowing through the wound opening could account for the more prominent stain. The second outflow occurred after the body was placed horizontally, because the blood flowed down one side of the body. That this outflow came from the inferior *vena cava* Dr. Barbet determined by experimental infusions into the empty right ventricle with the cadaver placed horizontally; blood issued through the wound opening and flowed down the side of the body.

The only hand wound visible on the shroud is squarely on the wrist and not in the center of the palm as it is always shown in all Christian art of every century. This deviation from iconographic tradition was early recognized as incompatible with the painted hypothesis. Dr. Barbet found that it accords with anatomic realities, which he believes therefore must have been known by Roman executioners from experience and utilized in their calling. Experiments on cadaveric hands showed that not only did a nail driven through the palm quickly tear its way through tissues and ligaments under body weight, but that it was almost impossible to drive a nail through the wrist region without its slipping of its own accord into a natural aperture known as "the space of Destot," formed by the four carpal bones and their ligaments. The blood flow so caused, he found, was slight and chiefly venous, and matched the evidence of the stain on the wrist. The direction of flow is transversal to the

axis of the hand, that is, the direction gravity would enforce while the hand was outstretched at an angle to the body on the cross.

Another deviation of the shroud imprints from tradition and art has been noted by Dr. Paul Vignon in his massive 1939 volume. It is the universal tradition of art that Christ carried the completed cross on one shoulder. On the shroud, however, evidences of two contusions can be found, one on each shoulder. No possible motive would exist for a painter to depict two contusions; but according to Dr. Vignon we have sound reason for believing that the artistic tradition here is erroneous and that the actual procedure followed was to bind the outstretched hands and arms to the cross piece of the cross only, with the weight falling on both shoulders.

From a study of the stripes on the body, which show what may be called a dumbbell pattern, Dr. Vignon was able to reconstruct the instrument used in the flagellation, and found that it was a whip of several thongs with one tip of lead at the extremity and another about an inch and a half from the extremity, thus causing the pattern noted.

In terms of documentary history, the case for the shroud's authenticity is scanty and negligible. The contention that the shroud was known at an early period in the Eastern Empire is based on other evidence found in the Byzantine Christs of 6th and 7th-century art, which exhibit a similarity to the negative image of the face on

the shroud. This similarity can be explained only by assuming that the shroud image was copied or served as the model for the familiar Byzantine Christ of mosaics and painting. Even the obscurities of the negative image, contends Dr. Vignon, can be found in the Byzantine physiognomy, for the reason, of course, that the copyist did not know what a negative image was and so reproduced these obscurities. Proper examination of this contention calls for juxtaposition of the Byzantine faces with the negative image, and this task Dr. Vignon has performed for his readers.

The absence of any imprints of the upper surface of the feet is striking. Such an omission by a painter is not conceivable since no motive would exist for it, and any accidental removal of these imprints later would be unlikely to operate cleanly and affect only a rectangular segment. Examination of the anterior imprints shows that they are complete and include even the soles of the feet. This shows that originally the shroud was folded over the feet, and since this foldover no longer exists, we are forced to assume that it was removed at some period, but that originally it masked the upper surface of the feet and a part of the legs and so doing prevented the formation of imprints on the portions we have.

References to a shroud in Constantinople have been left us by William of Tyr in the 12th century, and Robert of Clary in the 13th. Robert of Clary went on the 4th Crusade and was present in Constantinople when the

city was taken and sacked by the Crusaders. He writes, "And among others there was a monastery called Our Lady Sainte Marie de Blakernes where were kept the cloths in which Our Lord was wrapped on which could be seen the figure of Our Lord. Since then no one either Greek or French can say what became of the Shroud after the city was taken."

We know of course that in their unbridled avarice, the looting soldiery spared neither Christian sanctuaries nor sacred relics. When discipline was restored, an order was issued enjoining under penalty of excommunication that all stolen property be returned. There is no record of the return of the shroud; being easily hidden, it almost certainly was carried back to France by its unlawful possessor, who would be under every compulsion to conceal its place of origin, as would also his descendants.

In any event we have independent reason for believing that either the shroud itself or knowledge regarding it, carried by some Greek scholar, entered the West during the 13th century. For during that century, the seven-century unbroken tradition of iconography whereby Christ is shown as fastened to the cross by four nails, the feet separate and each pierced by a nail, gradually underwent replacement by the present three-nail tradition whereby the feet are superimposed and pierced by a single nail. This transformation authorities on medieval art have always seen as calling for some document whose discovery in the 13th

century overthrew the original four-nail tradition. No such document, however, could be found, and the problem therefore remained a challenge to iconography.

The shroud, possibly, is such a document. One leg in the anterior imprint is apparently longer than the other, and it is assumed that this contortion arose from a three-hour superimposition of one leg over the other followed by rigor mortis, which set the contortion. Related also to this evidence is an anomaly in Byzantine iconography as difficult to understand as the change from four nails to three is in the West. In Byzantine art the suppedaneum, or footrest, is always shown with one side lower than the other, instead of horizontal as in the West. If we assume, says Msgr. Arthur S. Barnes, that the early Byzantine painters were influenced by the evidence of the shroud we have an explanation for this otherwise inexplicable position of the footrest.

Early silence regarding the shroud accords both with the Jewish belief that anything which had touched a dead body was impure and with the fact that artistic representation of the crucifixion came only in the 5th century, after Christianity had triumphed and crucifixion was no longer the common punishment of slaves and malefactors in the Roman empire. Earlier the horror excited by the cross forbade everything but the veiled symbols of the anchor and trident in Christian art.

In the opinion of many, the strongest proof of authenticity of the shroud

lies in the beauty and realism of the face. In a letter written to Dr. Vignon, the famous French sculptor, Paul Dubois, remarks, "It is nature itself; there is not a single anatomic flaw to be found anywhere." Even more eloquent is the tribute paid by Paul Claudel, poet, mystic, profound Christian, to whom the image is the veridical image of Christ. "In the majesty of that image, we see the majesty of the God-man, and in the presence of that majesty we become profoundly conscious of our complete and radical unworthiness. There is something overwhelming in those closed eyes, in that masterful countenance, which seems to bear the impress of eternity, something that pierces the conscience like a sword thrust to the heart, something so awful and so annihilating that our only means of escape is to bow down in adoration."

It has been said by others that the face is the face of a dead man who is not dead, who even in death and marked with every indignity remains superior to every vicissitude, death itself included.

We know from the Gospels that the burial preparations were hurried and incomplete by reason of the onset of the Jewish Sabbath and doubtless also from the whole tragic pattern of events. For it was not until after the Sabbath had ended and on the first

Easter morning that the two women "brought sweet spices that coming they might anoint Him"; ordinarily this anointing would have preceded entombment. We also know from the Gospel that when St. Peter and St. John entered the empty tomb they found the shroud lying in one corner and the bandages rolled up in another, and knew at once that Christ had risen. Much controversy exists as to which of those two cloths can be identified with the present shroud, and indeed innumerable other problems arise.

The fabric of the shroud is what is known as a three-to-one twill, or chevron, also called the ancient Damascus. Fabrics of this and more complex weaves also have been found in tombs in the Middle East dating from the 1st century. Archaeologically the shroud clashes with no known facts, and can be placed in the 1st century.

For resolution of many problems which have arisen in the course of study, we must await the definitive findings of the French-Italian commission, which we are told will appear in a folio volume to be printed in seven languages, Latin, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Russian. Meanwhile, in the works of Dr. Vignon, Dr. Barbet, M. L. Bouvier, Dr. Rudolph Hynle, and others, there is marshaled an impressive array of evidence for the shroud's authenticity.



Human beings have learned to fly through the air like birds, and to swim under the water like fish. Now it behooves them to learn to walk the earth like men.



The Franciscans

By MARION A. HABIG, O.F.M.

AT THE beginning of the 13th century, a young man by the name of Francis, in the Italian town of Assisi, sought to carry out the Gospel counsels literally. Known as the *Poverello* or Little Poor Man, he renounced all earthly possessions and began to preach penance and peace to all classes of men, especially the common people.

At first he entertained no thought of founding a new religious Order; but his challenging example made such a deep impression that, as one of his early disciples expressed it, "the whole world ran after him."

Thus St. Francis of Assisi (born 1181, died 1226) became the founder, not merely of one, but of three Orders: the Friars Minor, including priests and lay Brothers; the Poor Clares, who are contemplative nuns; and the Third Order Secular, for the clergy and laity living in the world. Out of the latter afterwards developed the Third Order Regular, comprising numerous Franciscan Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods and also an Order of priests known as the Third Order Regular (T.O.R.).

In the course of time the first Order of St. Francis was divided into three branches: 1. the Friars Minor Observant; 2. the Friars Minor Conventual (O.F.M.Conv.), who were officially

made a separate branch in 1517; 3. the Friars Minor Capuchin (O.F.M. Cap.), who were made an autonomous Order in 1619. Within the ranks of the Observants several stricter groups were formed after 1517, such as the Recollect Franciscans, who labored in New France; but in 1897 Pope Leo XIII merged these once more into the Order of Friars Minor (O.F.M.), usually called simply the Franciscans.

The purpose of the Order of Friars Minor is "the imitation of the life and activity of Christ and His Apostles for the welfare of the Church and of humanity at large." The Franciscans of the U. S., for instance, are serving as preachers of parish missions and of retreats, confessors of the laity and clergy and Religious, pastors, chaplains of institutions, helpers of the secular clergy, teachers in high schools and colleges and seminaries, writers, editors, missionaries both in the U. S. and in the foreign fields of Latin America, Palestine, and China.

However, there is also something particular in the purpose of the Order, namely, the combination of the active and the contemplative life. In his *Ideals of St. Francis*, Father Hilarin Felder describes the purpose of the first Order of St. Francis in these

words, "To belong, like Christ and His Apostles, only to the people, to live for, among, and with the people, to be one with the people, to be interested in their concerns, to share all their sufferings and joys in a manner whereby contemplative life suffers no detriment, but acquires vigor and stability."

St. Francis sent his followers to preach Christ, not only in the Christian countries of Europe, but also in the lands of the infidel Mohammedans. In fact, he inaugurated European foreign missions, inasmuch as he was the first, after Europe had been converted to the faith, to go himself and send his brethren outside the confines of Christendom, and to devote a special chapter of his Rule to the work of the foreign missions.

Father John of Piano di Carpine, who was personally acquainted with the founder of the Order, was the first European to travel to the Far East, journeying across the steppes of Asia to the court of the Great Khan in central Mongolia and back again to Europe. That was in 1245-47, 700 years ago.

With Columbus on his second voyage several Franciscans came to the New World; and the Franciscans continued to take a leading part in Christianizing and civilizing the American natives throughout the three centuries of the colonial era, in Spanish and Portuguese America, and in the colonies of the French and English. Most persons know something about the saintly Father Junipero Serra and the famous Franciscan missions of Cali-

fornia; but these represent only a small portion of the missionary work of the Franciscans in the New World.

Great Franciscan thinkers like Alexander of Hales, St. Bonaventure, Duns Scotus, and Roger Bacon played leading roles in the medieval universities of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Toulouse, Salamanca, Padua, Bologna.

Great Franciscan preachers like St. Anthony of Padua, St. Bernardine of Siena, St. John Capistran, St. James of the March, St. Leonard of Port Maurice, exercised a profound influence for good upon vast numbers of the faithful. Other Franciscans distinguished themselves in charitable endeavors, for instance, the *montes pietatis* of the 15th century, something like our modern credit unions.

From the beginning, the Order of Friars Minor increased rapidly in membership. At the end of the 13th century there were some 60,000 Friars Minor. After the divisions of the first Order of St. Francis in 1517 and 1619, the Observants or Franciscans, who were the most numerous branch, continued to grow in membership and reached their peak in 1770 when there were about 77,000 friars.

The French revolution and secularizations of the 19th century, however, brought about a decline, so that in the 1880's and 1890's there were only about 14,000. Since then the Order has once more forged ahead. In 1921 the Franciscans were 16,545 in number; and in 1942 their total membership was 24,355 friars, including priests, clerics, Brothers and novices. The mis-

sion statistics for 1939-40 show that 2,596 Franciscan priests, not counting clerics and Brothers, were laboring as missionaries in all parts of the world: Africa, the Near East, India, the Far East, and Latin America. In China alone the Franciscans then had the care of 16 vicariates apostolic and 11 prefectures apostolic.

Many of the followers of St. Francis in his first Order have been raised by the Church to the honors of the altar. During the first period, that is, from its founding until the beginning of the Observant movement (1209-1368), the Order produced 17 saints and 38 blessed; and since then there have been 31 Franciscan saints and 73 blessed, not counting the martyrs of the Boxer revolution in China who were beatified on Nov. 24, 1946.* In addition, 96 causes of beatification and canonization are being promoted at the present time by the Franciscan postulator general.

In the U.S. the Franciscans have six provinces and six commissariats, *See CATHOLIC DIGEST, March, 1947, p. 105.

one friary of the Slav-Byzantine rite, and another which is the home of the Academy of American Franciscan History. On Oct. 4, 1945, there were 256 friaries and 2,797 friars in the U. S. Of these, 1,615 were priests, 620 were clerics or scholastics, and 562 were Brothers. A total of 886 boys and young men in six preparatory seminaries were preparing to enter the Order as candidates for the priesthood. The six preparatory seminaries, called seraphic colleges, are in Callicoon, N.Y.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Lowell, Mass.; Santa Barbara, Calif.; Sturtevant, Wis.; and Westmont, Ill.

The number of Franciscans of the U. S. in September, 1946, working among the Indians was 88; among the colored, 42; among the Mexicans in the U. S., 54; in the southern missions of the U. S., 36; therefore, a total of 232 home missionaries. In the foreign missions there were at the time 130 American Franciscans: 48 in China, 20 in Palestine, and 62 in Latin America (Mexico, Honduras, Bolivia, and Brazil).

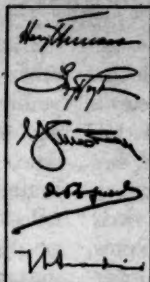


16th Century Underground

WHEN the Turks overran southeastern Europe in the 16th century the Franciscan friars disguised themselves as peasants and continued their ministrations to the people. To escape detection they all took to wearing the traditional moustache of the peasants and were called "Uncle" instead of "Father." When the persecution of the Church ceased the Pope gave them permission to continue wearing their moustaches and to this day the friars of the region are called "Uncle."

Hen-Track

By JAMES C. G. CONNIFF



Handwriting

Condensed from the
*Missionary Servant**

THE French writer, Honoré de Balzac, shown a boy's copy-book, was asked his opinion of the lad's future. Balzac, who fancied himself an ace at interpreting handwriting, studied the vague scrawl and inquired of the little old lady who had brought it to him, "Is this your child's script, Madame?"

Assured that it wasn't, Balzac inhaled and let fly with, "This child is undoubtedly lazy and extremely stupid. I would say that it is unlikely he will ever amount to much."

The lady smiled and murmured, "But, M'sieu, that is your own little notebook which you used as a boy at school!"

What happened to Balzac could happen to you. Millions of Americans may some day face the same embarrassment he did unless they refuse now to join in a movement that is sweeping the nation on the heels of peace.

In spite of 300 or 400 methods of handwriting taught in America, war revealed our legibility quotient to be way below sea-level. A reaction against this, perhaps born of V-mail eyestrain, has now set in. People are actually going to school again, to learn to write a legible hand. The day may not be far off when even doctors will write pre-

scriptions that won't be cryptograms from a Himalayan village.

All this, of course, is a serious mistake. It is much better to be absolutely hieroglyphic.

The advantages of the scrawl-nobody-can-read over a fine Italian hand are numerous. For example, the Bureau of Internal Revenue is surprised to note that your income tax last year couldn't buy a cheap cigar, compared with your earnings of the year before. They assign a man to review your forms. But your forms are not merely illegible; they are enough to confound an Egyptian high priest. So finally the revenooer either gives it up or goes blind. That little capital-gains item you were worried about has got by safely.

A firm round hand such as foolish America now seeks could easily have cost our national legends dearly in the case of a man like Horace Greeley. Happily, his personal script was as legible as a flung tomato. This gave birth to many fine stories, otherwise lost to us, about what amounted to the Greeley School of Penmanship.

Once it almost got his neck in a noose. He had written a snarling letter to a woman in reply to some criticism she had made of his paper, the old New York *Tribune*. After a sig-

*Box 266, Stirling, N. J. January, 1947.

nificant period of silence, the woman, a spinster, wrote back that though she had quite a job figuring out Greeley's mad script and was astonished at his offer, she had decided to accept his proposal of marriage.

Another time Greeley wrote a vitriolic discharge note to one of his composers. For years, the compositor went from job to better job with the illegible note, using it as a recommendation from the greatest editor of the day!

Men who worked on the *Tribune* often used Greeley's inscrutable copy to shoo away job seekers. One itinerant typesetter, given the day's Greeley editorial to set up, dumbfounded the staff by casually casing the copy to perfection. This was too much. The new typesetter hadn't been on the job long when the other printers got hold of a couple of roosters, inked their claws, and made them fight on a sheet of the paper. When the new printer came to work, they handed it to him to set.

After studying it in puzzled silence, the scapegoat began deliberately to set it up in type. He was only halfway through it when Greeley himself tornadoed through the composing room. The bedeviled printer stopped him, showed him the copy, and asked if he would mind telling him what this here one word might be, please; "just couldn't figure it out, Mr. Greeley." Greeley peered at the rooster tracks, thrust the sheet back at the printer, and thundered, "Why, *unconstitutional*, you fool, *unconstitutional*!"

Lack of the kind of handwriting other people can read brought one young man a strange but peaceful assignment in the recent war for freedom. He was an Indian, and they drafted him right off the reservation not long after Pearl Harbor. This young Navajo had been to Columbia university, where he had taken his Bachelor's and Master's degrees in anthropology. Like most other prewar American college men, the one thing he hadn't bothered to learn was how to write legibly.

At the screening center, army personnel specialists noted his Navajo blood and his completely illegible script. Ignoring his education and his protests, they excitedly called in their chief, whispered to him their recommendations. The Navajo spent the rest of the war in the Pentagon building, encoding parallels of top-secret messages in what was his ordinary, everyday handwriting. The army thought he wrote Navajo! (Nobody, of course, ever succeeded in decoding anything he wrote. The enemy lost so much sleep over it, they could no longer guess straight. Our side filed it under Top Secret, where no one would ever dream of looking for information.)

With a nation of legible penmen and penwomen, there would be none of these wonderful stories lying around for us to use as building blocks of a national mythology. Nor, if you foolishly join this movement now mushrooming to improve the American script, can you hope for a niche among our legendary heroes.

A good example of a man who lost out on his chance for this kind of immortality is Frank Hague, perennial mayor of Jersey City. Though he hopped out his grammar-school window at the age of 11 or 12, and never went back for further formal schooling, Hague ill-advisedly went ahead to develop one of the squarest, sternest, and most legible signatures in the history of American politics. As a result, there are no stories about Frank Hague that will survive him. Well, no handwriting stories, anyway.

Better to be the recipient of such snide-sweet sarcasm as Thomas Bailey Aldrich dealt out to Edward S. Morse when he had a scribbled note from the latter, "It was very pleasant to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew) and the signature (which I had to guess at). There's a very singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. Other letters are read and then thrown away, but yours are kept forever, unread. One of them will last a reasonable man for a lifetime." Morse knew what he was doing; unreadable handwritten notes to former editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* guarantee you a toe-hold on literary immortality.

An absolutely hieroglyphic hand has been of considerable help to professional men at times, too. In the days before American medicine was organized, when ethics were often hazy, a

midwestern doctor had an arrangement with an apothecary whereby the doctor got a cut of his prescription fees from wealthy patients. That the druggist could distinguish rich from poor among new patients, the doctor would hen-track at the bottom of a rich man's prescription the Latin words, "*Quodcumque commercium Patiatur*" ("Whatever the traffic will bear"). The druggist charged accordingly. In the case of a rich man who might know his Latin even when it was scribbled in a medical hand, the doctor cut his signal to the druggist to "Q.C.P." The Latin, plus an illegible hand, helped build a fortune commemorated today by a great hospital which bears the name of this medical Robin Hood.

A young doctor in more recent times was so conscientious about his prescriptions, and so worried lest his blurry handwriting be fatally misinterpreted by some druggist, that he used to print at the bottom of each prescription, "*Nisi Clarum, Arcesse,*" or, "If this isn't clear, call me." He is remembered among his colleagues for the one time it was not clear, and the druggist failed to call him.

A major argument against legible handwriting is to be found in the difficulty banks have with even the clearest of signatures. Experts testify that no man or woman can ever write his or her own name exactly the same way twice. If this be true, why trouble to improve something that banks and like institutions work with on a mere fair-degree-of-similarity basis, anyway?

Let the tellers, who have nothing but signatures to go by, continue to juggle big money daily on their eyeballs. Why make things any more difficult than they are for the man who ekes out a living via tough and precarious competition with the Bureau of Printing and Engraving?

One man who cared nothing for banks or forgers or legible script was the late Gilbert Keith Chesterton. He had a signature that could be neither duplicated nor understood. Like himself, it was vast, sprawling, physically limitless. He was so proud of it, however, that he once ran a contest centered around it. It involved a sketch he had drawn of himself signing a check at a bank. The idea of the contest was to guess what famous line of poetry the sketch illustrated. The line, from Tennyson's *The Brook* was, of course, "With many a curve my *banks* I fret." Old G. K. wasn't kidding.

There is one story to prove beyond doubt, not only that nobody can sign his own name the same way twice, but also that all this sudden fuss about legible handwriting in America is so much folderol and actually dangerous. It can even cost you money.


A fellow in the Bronx, years back, owned a truck and a name full of consonants. He decided he would like to put the truck and himself to work with the WPA. He had to put in a

bid on a special form. He filled it out and put his ponderous signature at the bottom. The bid was O.K'd.

Then began the long routine that everybody got to know only too well during the war. In the first month after the bid was O.K'd, the fellow had to fill out some 200-odd other forms, that Washington might Know All. Before the first payday rolled around, this persevering truck driver, who had done no truck driving at all from the day his bid was O.K'd, had signed another 40 forms at a dozen different desks to keep his record straight.

But when the paymaster compared the first and last forms signed by the lad, he found such improvement in the fellow's signature that he doubted whether the first signature belonged to the man at all. The scrivening truck driver was advised he would have to wait for his pay till special agents had checked through the snowstorm of forms. Did he blow his brains out? Did he look for private contracts? Did he turn Republican? Not he.

He just put his truck in dead storage and went on signing forms, improving his hand with every stroke. They say he never got paid, though. They say he eventually got so thin from hunger that somebody accidentally filed him under "Miscellaneous Correspondence," where he remains to this day.

The word *pretzel* is derived from the Latin *pretiola*, meaning "little reward." It was the custom for priests to reward students for learning catechism. To make the pretzel more meaningful it was baked in the form of crossed arms to remind one of the attitude formerly assumed in prayer. David T. Armstrong.

Pilgrimage to Vézelay

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back)."



Condensed from a brochure*

A LETTER signed by Father Gerald Vann, O.P., appeared in the English Catholic weekly newspapers, May 24, 1946, calling for 20 or 30 strong men willing to walk 300 miles through France carrying a heavy wooden cross to Vézelay, where 800 years previously St. Bernard had preached the 2nd Crusade. No definite arrangements for food or shelter had been made in France. The pilgrims were to be prepared for hunger, thirst, fatigue, insults. They could expect nothing better than a barn or even the open sky for shelter. They would be required to carry packs as well as the cross. To cover expenses of those selected but unable to pay, others were asked to send donations. All this was to be done for love of Christ and to pray for peace in the world through Him.

Hundreds of letters were received and the cost of the pilgrimage was soon oversubscribed. More than 100 men from all over the country offered themselves as cross-bearers. Since only 30 men were to be selected the organizers aimed at forming as representative a group as possible and the choice finally fell upon men whose years ranged from 22 to 65, from all parts of the British Isles. A greater diversity of trades and professions could not have been found. There were teachers,

doctors, laborers, mechanics, clerical students, priests, journalists, a caretaker, carpenter, retired civil servant, dancing instructor, law student, an electrician, undertaker, ex-miner, ex-bartender, and men of independent means.

They met for the first time on Saturday evening, June 29, at St. Dominic's priory, Haverstock Hill, London, and performed in a packed church their first corporate act of worship, at which their cross was blessed and they dedicated themselves to the task before them.

The six-foot cross, weighing 90 lbs., was of solid oak. The wood, grown at a Carthusian monastery, was felled and sawed by the monks. This cross had a mysterious power. Tears were shed at the sight of it; voices were lifted in praise of it; the cold and callous were awed by it. It was destined to become at Vézelay the "Twelfth Station" commemorating the crucifixion and death of our Lord.

Early next morning, the pilgrims set off after Mass. They prayed at Westminster cathedral en route to Victoria station.

After the initial confusion of a hasty departure, the cross soon assumed its place as an object of praise or derision. Once aboard the steamer that would

*Blackfriars Publications, Oxford, England. 1946. 32 pp. 2s. 6d.

take them from Newhaven to Dieppe, the pilgrims lashed it upright in the center of the deck allotted to 3rd-class passengers. Some of the fellow travelers smiled disdainfully, some turned their backs on it to read the headlines of the Sunday newspapers, which that day announced the Bikini bomb. Others joined in the hymns or prayers occasionally recited, and always a group of pilgrims knelt before the cross to say a Rosary.

At Dieppe the pilgrims were met by ecclesiastic and civic authorities. Streets were decorated, flowers strewn in the way, and thousands lined the route as the cross was taken to Dieppe's principal churches. This was a fete, a triumphal entry, not the beginning of a penitential march. But if the unlooked-for reception momentarily obscured the sacrificial purpose to which the pilgrims were dedicated, it was soon reasserted when at the church of St. Remi a few hours later, midnight Mass was sung in the presence of a vast crowd, of whom more than 1,000 received Communion. The cross had been lifted up and Dieppe had been drawn to it.

From village to village the pilgrims journeyed in the hot sun. The way led them through Rouen, Chartres, Pithiviers, Montargis, and to Vézelay. Sometimes they left the great highroads for a lane to some out of the way church, where the sight of their cross might bring fresh hope and faith to a community which had grown cold and indifferent; sometimes they would go to meet some isolated sick or aged

person who had heard of its approach. With such diversions, quite 300 miles were covered, but there could be no complaint at such additions to the straight route when the good French people had already taken so much away from the penitential nature of the pilgrimage by their overwhelming hospitality. An evening meal was often provided from the scanty resources of French larders; it would be offered with a finesse that made one feel an honored guest in a land of plenty. Yet one knew that it cost one's hosts dearly and demanded great sacrifice.

For 18 days the pilgrims carried the cross. They began their day always with Mass and Communion, most commonly a midnight Mass attended by almost as many as the church would hold (for the hour was a popular one), but otherwise a dialogue Mass in the morning. After breakfast they would take up the cross which had reposed overnight in the village church, and proceed upon the route for that day. Walking in threes, with the cross carried by the first set and preceded by a pilgrim bearing the flag of St. George, they would be accompanied by perhaps the village curé and a group of faithful, who would leave them after a few miles to proceed unaccompanied; perhaps they would be met at the next village by a similar group who had walked out to greet them. The Litany of the Saints or of our Lady would be started, or a Rosary would be said or sung, and always they would sing the *Salve Regina* at the end. As the town or village was approached

the pilgrims would raise their voices, though they flagged sometimes and throats grew hoarse, to sing in French the *Lourdes Hymn* or *Vive Jesu, Vive sa Croix*. At every Calvary, many now sadly disused, they would kneel and pray. They knelt too before their own cross whenever they set it down for these welcome hourly halts for a rest, and again when they took it up. Often at such times small groups would gather round the cross, when it would be held up by three pilgrims, and the opportunity would be taken by one of the chaplains to explain its meaning and preach the Gospel. Churches would be visited during the day, when crowds large and small would foregather to pay their homage and take part in a service conducted usually by one of three French Jesuit students who accompanied the pilgrims. The cross would often leave the churches with flower wreaths placed upon it, and frequently it would be borne on the shoulder of an eager peasant.

Evening after evening, when the tired body craved only sleep, hours were spent repaying the generosity of a kindly host in the only way open to the pilgrims, with conversation. Interchanges of experiences covered a variety of subjects. The war, hoped-for peace, efforts being made at home and abroad in their respective countries toward that end, new life awakening in the Church, difficulties of modern life, as well as the more homely but very real problems of food, clothing, and shelter were debated during the evening meal. And then, almost as a

reminder that the solution could only be found in the way of love through the cross of Christ, the bell from the parish church would, between 10 and 11 P.M., ring for the evening service preceding midnight Mass. Then the French family and British pilgrims would repair together in their newly made friendship to their common Father's house. The Dominican chaplains would hear confessions and preach the crusade, Stations of the Cross would be made, Rosary said, hymns sung, the cross venerated. Then, for the peace of the world, for benefactors, for the sick, sinners, the dead, the holy Sacrifice was offered, and to the sufferings of the Victim on the altar were added the sufferings, hopes, and gratitude of the congregation.

Each such day and night brought the pilgrims nearer their goal, yet Vézelay seemed remote until it was finally reached. Every day was "complete," an end in itself, whether it embraced the enthusiastic demonstrations of the large cities, where thousands witnessed the passing of the cross, or whether the day had no more to show than pains silently borne on the long, straight, shadeless roads, where to many each step was one of pain.

There were days when the carrying of the cross exhausted the weary body—when one could think of nothing but feet, sore, tired, blistered, hot. Sweat poured from brows, tunics and shirts were wet. Shoulders and backs ached and were bruised with the

weight of cross and pack. But there is no doubt that such days of trials and sorrows patiently borne were of greatest spiritual profit to the pilgrims.

Vézelay is little known, considering its beauty and historic interest. It lies in the province of Yonne, 150 miles southwest of Paris, and is almost in the center of France. In the 12th century it was one of the great shrines of Christendom, and to it pilgrims went from the whole of Europe to pay honor to St. Mary Magdalen, whose body the Benedictines say they took there from St. Maximin.

In 1146, when the nave of the present basilica had been built, St. Bernard preached the second Crusade before King Louis VII and a multitude assembled from every Christian country. From the pulpit of the same basilica 20 years later St. Thomas à Becket, in exile, excommunicated Henry II. Richard Coeur de Lion, Henry's son, went there with Philip Augustus in the third Crusade. St. Louis visited it on his way to the Holy Land. Now only the basilica remains, and a great wooden cross to commemorate St. Bernard's preaching, and the ruined chapel of the Cordelerie, St. Francis' first foundation in all France.

But the basilica remains in all its beauty of lightness and spaciousness. This was the pilgrim's goal. Here they were to meet the representatives of other lands and provinces of France, who would be carrying 13 other crosses of similar weight and design. They would join with them in a vast demonstration of prayer and sacrifice, of-

fering reparation for the sins which had plunged the world into its present state. They sought, as the Pope had asked, to disarm the Lord's punitive justice by a crusade of the whole world.

But Vézelay was to disappoint them. Perhaps this was the last lesson they had to learn from the cross, the final exaction it would make from them. Their hopes and aspirations had been centered on the goal of their journey; but when they came to it the very triumph of the place betrayed their hopes. Magnificent ceremonies were prepared for the pilgrims and a vast concourse of people was assembled from every province of France to celebrate the twin occasion of the 8th centenary of St. Bernard's preaching and the annual fete of the patronal feast of St. Mary Magdalen. After a night spent under the sky on the hillsides round Vézelay the pilgrims with their 14 crosses came fasting to the field of the cross of St. Bernard; there, received by the Archbishop of Sens, they assisted at high Mass sung by Franciscan friars. On that same Friday afternoon, the crosses were carried in a three-hour Way of the Cross round the foot of the town and up its steep central street.

Each of the following days there was high Mass in the immense basilica. On Saturday it was celebrated by three Maronite priests, with their strange rite and alien chant, that the unity of East and West in one, holy, Roman Church might be manifested. On Sunday it was the heir of St. Bernard, the Abbot of Cîteaux, who offer-

ed the holy Sacrifice amidst the Benedictines' solemn plain chant; again at midnight, high Mass of Christ the King was celebrated under the presidency of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. On Monday, feast of St. Mary Magdalen, the Mass was sung, with the Papal Nuncio present, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Lille. At all Masses the basilica was filled to overflowing; 30 priests would take Communion to the people where they stood, even outdoors.

On Saturday evening a torchlight procession went from the hilltop terrace into the basilica. Assembled at first around the blaze of a huge fire with their crosses lying before them, the pilgrims heard chroniclers read records of the Crusade preached by St. Bernard, including the pronouncement of the Pope then reigning. Then each of the crosses was hailed in turn and each group called its origin and route. Finally into the ring came German prisoners, who had themselves made a cross, if anything, larger and heavier than the others. The circle was complete, and with one voice the vast crowd sang in Latin the Creed and the Our Father; then the crosses were carried into the church, where the great cross of suffering, defeated Germany, was girt about by all the other crosses as if sustained by them.

On Monday the traditional procession of St. Mary Magdalen's relics went about the streets of the small town and the crosses were for the last time carried by their bearers; after the procession they were set in their places down

the aisles of the basilica where it is hoped they may stay permanently.

Besides all this the liturgical hours of Vespers and Compline were sung each day; the baptism and reception into the Church of a Jewess was solemnized by the Archbishop of Sens; a pageant of the religious history of Vézelay and its crusades was presented as well as the unusual but most reverently executed production of a Passion play by marionettes.

There was a magnificence and splendor to all this—and that was the rub; for the way of the cross, as the pilgrims had been painfully learning those last 18 days, is a way of sacrifice and not of splendor.

The natural climax of their pilgrimage had come earlier, when they were still on the road. For they had to learn that here in this world no arrival is final; they were still in the way and they would always be so. It was the night of their arrival in sight of Vézelay. Leaving the little village in the foothills of the wooded country surrounding the basilica, they had slowly and prayerfully climbed the ascent that brought them into the Bois de la Madeleine, where a place had been marked out for them. The evening was quiet and still and the sun had fallen low behind the hills when suddenly at a bend in the lane the giant basilica had come into view. Built on a hill which dominated its neighbors, this magnificent edifice towered over them, serene and majestic.

The *Salve Regina* sprang from the pilgrims' lips in response to the call

which this most magnificent spectacle sounded. Silently the group moved on. "It's like going into action," whispered a soldier. Led by a guide along a narrow track on the hill facing the basilica, they had erected the cross on a parapet and waited. Sticks with which to light a beacon fire were gathered as noiselessly as possible, each one consciously preserving the quiet and peace which was the promise of the peace of God. The sun had gone down and storm clouds gathered. Streaks of lightning lit up the hills around, but kneeling around their cross the pilgrims had prayed and watched. Then as the chimes of ten o'clock sounded from the basilica now almost hidden from view, a rocket was sent up from its tower welcoming the arrival of the 14 groups who had taken up positions on different slopes in the range of hills surrounding. The bells pealed out in triumph and in reply each pilgrim group had lit their fires and sent a rocket soaring to the skies to confirm the arrival, from 1st to 14th, of their crosses. Then, as if to fix the gaze for

a while on the heavenly City which is the reward of those who steadfastly bear their load, the massive pile was flooded with light from within and without, transforming it into a thing of ethereal beauty. Across the valleys from each station the solemn plain song of the *Vexilla Regis* joined the voices of the monks and worshipers in the basilica.

Silently the pilgrims waited and then as suddenly as it came the vision was lost. Darkness once more covered the earth, the impending storm resumed its threat. Nothing was left but the dying fire and the cross. All that night, around that solitary cross, they took it in turn to keep vigil; they slept on the hillside, but always there was a group awake, watching, praying; and with them, though they did not know it, there were men in England, awake, watching, praying in their parish churches; and there were all the prayers of the past weeks, of the men and women and children who had suffered in the war and who now prayed most earnestly for peace.



Cahokia, Illinois, now a village on the edge of East St. Louis, was once the largest city in America. The city is gone but its outlines remain in a system of nearly a hundred mounds dominated by a flat-topped pyramid covering 16 acres. This is the largest earthwork in the world. On its four lower terraces is room for hundreds of lodges and wigwams, while some vast ceremonial structure must have occupied the upper platform. It is named not for its builders but for a colony of Trappist monks who built their rude monastery on the mound's commanding summit. They lived there only from 1808 to 1813 and their buildings have disappeared, but it has been known ever since as the Monks' Mound.

From *Land of Promise* by Walter Havighurst.

Don't rush me

A Year With a Turtle

By ALAN DEVOE

Condensed chapter of a book*



ALL winter long the box turtle has lain motionless in the earth darkness, sleeping the profound hibernation sleep of all reptiles. When November came and the temperature of pond and creek dropped to around 50°, compelling the spotted and painted turtles to dig in the warm bottom mud for refuge, the box turtle crept on slow, cumbersome legs in search of dry woodland. By ancient instinct it sought out a patch of earth with southern exposure, that the penetration of the coming frost might not be deep. It set about digging. Presently, when the turtle had bored into the earth to a depth of six or seven inches, the strong forelegs ceased their vigorous shoveling and the turtle grew very still. Its hibernation den was not yet complete, but there was a chill in the autumn earth now, numbing the turtle and slowing its cold blood. Throughout the nights, and the early mornings and late afternoons, the turtle could only lie unmoving, its cold-induced lethargy too deep to permit further tunneling. Only at noonday would the turtle rouse briefly from its growing torpor and the forelegs resume their slow, clumsy digging.

The entrance into hibernation was slow. Finally, about the time when the

first snows were sifting down from the gray November sky, the turtle reached a depth of 18 or 20 inches. By old instinctive turtle knowledge it was made aware that the tunneling was at a safe depth now. Its scaly legs were drawn in, its sense awareness of its world was lessened and dulled. Presently the turtle entered into unknowingness.

Now by spring the turtle has stayed unmoving and unaware for four or five months below the surface of the earth. Its intake of oxygen has been very nearly stopped, the whole chemistry of its cold shell-covered body almost as stilled as in death.

In April, the warm sunlight penetrates the earth, and the slow dull awareness of the turtle is stirred to recognition. Gradually, feebly, the turtle begins to move. The scaly clawed legs are extruded, the head thrust forward. The turtle begins its upward tunneling. Emergence from the hibernation sleep is quicker than was entrance into it, and in a little while the tiny-eyed head is thrust out on its long neck above the surface of the earth and the turtle feels on its chilled body the full heat of the sun. Then, hungry, the turtle sets out through the woods to look for food.

The musk turtles have broadly webbed feet, and the feet of the sea turtles

*Lives Around Us. 1294. Creative Age Press, 11 E. 44th St., N. Y. City. 221 pp. \$2.50.

have become almost flippers; but the box turtle's feet are only slightly webbed. They are adapted for land walking, and are club-like and strong. The turtle raises itself high on its legs now, elevating its three-inch-thick domed body well above the ground, and with flat head protruded to full length sets forth on a slow exploration. Unhurriedly it moves on among the early wood ferns and bloodroots and skunk cabbages, watching for the slow movement of a worm or a speckled slug. It examines the earth of the spring woods, and with keen nostrils scents the fragrance of buds and berries.

If it cannot find a slow grub or snail to eat, it is able to make a meal of green wildflower shoots or leaves or the small bodies of stray wood flies and gnats that are still sluggish from the winter cold. The turtle does not grasp its foods with teeth, as snakes do. The turtle is toothless. Along the margins of its cold, strong jaws are horny plates, edged for cutting, and with these it crushes its small prey and grinds up the pulpy vegetable fibers.

The turtle's food hunting is less a search than a waiting. Just as a garter snake lies hour after hour in a patch of shade, waiting for the coming of a toad, or as a frog sits motionless on a creek bank and waits for a fly to come within range of its sticky tongue, so does the turtle lie motionless and wait. Half hidden among the dogtooth violets and early saxifrage, its mottled shell blending with the sun-checked earth, it may stay unmoving for an hour or a day. When insects do come

close to it, or a worm crawls near, the flat head is thrust out on its long flexible neck and the bony jaw plates are snapped shut almost as quickly as a snake can strike.

For many days the procuring of food is the turtle's only concern. All day it lies motionless, watching, or lumbers and nibbles among the ferns and mosses. As spring progresses it discovers, if it can, places where mushrooms grow. In the early mornings, when the fungi are cold and dew-wet and glistening, the turtle strips off their tender fleshy caps. When the turtle finds the deadly fly mushroom, *Amanita muscaria*, or the destroying angel, *Amanita phalloides*, it eats them as readily as any of the others. The turtle is not harmed by their poison. In common with squirrels, it has complete immunity.

Then there comes a time in the later spring when the turtle is stirred by an impulse which it shares with every other creature of earth, the impulse to reproduce its kind. Eyes alert, head raised high to catch in its nostrils the subtlest scents adrift on the wind, the turtle searches for a female of its kind. It will be the female's task to scoop out the earth-hollow for the pure white eggs, delicate-shelled as a swallow's, and to cover them with the thin layer of concealing soil that will protect them from preying crows and skunks until they hatch forth a new turtle generation in the fall.

When on some mossy bank or shaly ledge the turtle's mating has been done, it goes its way among the grass-stems. It does not frequent the dry

woods and the meadows now as much as it did earlier in the spring. Having a cold blood, like that of a snake, a blood that takes its temperature from the temperature of the air, the turtle is conscious now of the growing heat. The summer has come, and the noon sun makes the rocks and the sandy earth unpleasantly hot against the turtle's clawed feet and shell-sheathed belly. Instinctively the box turtle departs from its dry woods pastures, and laboriously makes its way toward a pond or little creek. Most terrestrial of turtles, it is uneasy now on the hot land, and it goes lumbering off to join the frogs and water turtles in their cool, wet, shady summer places.

The speckled trout and the dace, or even the fat-bodied tadpoles, stay all day under the cool water and need never come to the surface. They breathe with gills. But the turtle breathes with lungs. Although it is capable of long submersion, the plunges that it now takes into the cool water of the creek are only periodical; much of the time it lies on the moist, shaded bank, or in the dark oozy mud of the water's edge, and pursues its customary lazy watch for prey. Occasionally it creeps slowly to the woods or fields to eat mushrooms, or to find its favorite delicacy, cantaloupe. The happenings of its days are not many nor varied, except when there may occur that adventure which some time befalls every creature: an attack by an enemy.

The turtle's chief enemies are dog and fox, and for a curious reason. The

turtle gives off from its cold reptilian body a subtle smell. It is not such a smell as a frightened musk turtle exudes, but a scent so delicate and slight that human nostrils often cannot perceive it at all. And it is a scent that closely resembles that of wild grouse and pheasants and quail.

The turtle's bony covering prevents it from having the fine sense-awareness that other creatures have, but the sight of its small eyes is keen enough and it hears excellently. At the first glimpse of a tawny fox stealing toward it through the underbrush, or the first far sound of a yelping dog, it makes its simple preparation for defense. It withdraws its fleshy parts completely into its mottled shell. Abruptly it pulls in its legs, crooking them so that they fit compactly; the plastron, the shell of its under side, folding on a ligamentous hinge, quickly closes; the turtle jerks in its long-necked head. At the instant of the head's withdrawal into the now solid armor, the turtle emits a short, sharp hissing sound. It is the sound of the breath being forced out of the turtle's lungs as the inelastic shell clamps tightly shut.

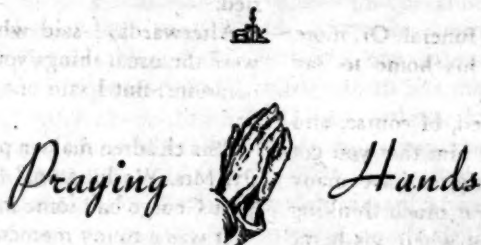
The turtle's defense is almost always successful. Customarily the dog or fox tires of chewing on so tough and apparently lifeless a morsel of bone and goes away, whereupon, after a safe interval, the turtle cautiously thrusts out its flat head again, permits its plastron to loosen from the carapace, or upper shell, and with scaly legs again extruded resumes its placid search for bugs and berries.

Through the spring and summer the turtle has mated and fed and voyaged in the water and repulsed its enemies. The days of its life, after their fashion, have been full. The time has come now, as the fall days begin to grow chillier, for the turtle to withdraw again to its annual long sleep. The turtle feels a lassitude in its cold body, and while it hunts for snails and worms its slow gait has grown slower than ever.

It leaves the brook now, and goes

creeping away to the dry woods or to an arid sidehill pasture that is exposed to the southern sun. With fast-numbing forelegs it scrapes at the earth and laboriously makes a hole. As it tunnels downward, and the earth falls in behind it, sealing out the cold autumn air, the turtle's perceptions and desires grow ever fainter and duller, until presently they cease entirely. The turtle rests, in the dark earth, still as a stone.

The life of the turtle is ended for another year.



WHEN Albrecht Dürer was a poor struggling artist, a friend of his who also aspired to be an artist made an agreement with him that he would do manual labor to earn their living while Dürer studied and painted. Later, it was planned, he should have his turn to paint. But when success came to Dürer his friend's hands had become so twisted and stiff that he could no longer paint. One day, seeing his friend's work-worn hands in prayer, Dürer thought, "I can never give back the lost skill of those hands, but I can show my feeling of love and gratitude by painting his hands as they are now, folded in prayer, to show my appreciation of a noble and unselfish character." The result was the famous painting of the "Praying Hands."

Death Comes for a Negro

By JERRY HARTFORD

Condensed from the
*Wage Earner**

GEORGE WASHINGTON has just died: the George Washington who used to shine my shoes. Not often, of course, because I usually shine them myself. But on special occasions when I was downtown I used to slip off to the side-street shop where Ole George, as they called him, took care of the shine detail.

Yes, I went to his funeral. Or, more correctly, I visited his home to say good-by.

George was colored, of course, and he had a way about him that you got to like pretty quickly, as have many colored folk. Without much thinking about it, I found out where his home was and dropped over that way. It was about what you'd expect: a clean little wooden house that had been standing so long it was tired and needed to lean pretty well to one side to be able to keep standing.

George's "Missus" let me in. She showed a little surprise, but not too much. I guess it didn't surprise her that white folks should like George, too.

She led me into the parlor. It was just about suppertime and there were only a couple of friends of the family there so I thought they wouldn't find

it much stranger if I knelt down and said a prayer for George than they would my just being there. I knew, of course, that George hadn't been getting rich shining shoes, but as I knelt down I couldn't help noticing how big some of the worn spots were in the rug, and I said to myself, "I bet George bought it when he was married."

Afterwards, I said what I thought were the usual things you say on such occasions. But I said one which didn't fit.

"Six children make a pretty big family, Mrs. Washington," I said. "I suppose George had some insurance?"

It was a funny moment. Not funny, but strange. This woman could never be bitter, and that wasn't what it was now. It's hard to describe what she was then. I know she was thinking of the children George left behind and the hard life that would be hers. And I know, too, that she was proud of George. You could see it.

"Colored folks don't git to git insurance, mistuh," was all she said. As I say, it wasn't said bitterly. She just said it, that's all. Colored people don't get insurance.

I said "Oh!" and then, awkwardly, "But, why?" and she shrugged and

said simply, "'Cause they live in places like this and git pneumonia when they's young, like George."

I had heard of vicious circles, but as I looked around then and saw "places like this" and George lying there dead of pneumonia, I realized for the first time that I was really seeing a circle that was vicious.

I started off in my own mind with a barrage against the insurance companies, but I slowed down. George was only 46 for all his bent back and white hair. They would have lost money on him. Their experts have got to figure the percentages right or they wouldn't be in business long. No, I decided, insurance companies are bad enough, but it isn't all their fault. It's the fault of a lot of people who don't even know it.

It's the fault of people who draw up or back up "restrictive covenants" which allow only "Caucasians" (one covenant said "pure Nordics") to live in the sections of town where human beings may be expected to live out the three score and ten the Bible gives them. It's the fault of employers who won't give the George Washingtons all over the country jobs which their

brains and brawn are capable of handling. It's the fault of scholastic institutions which won't let colored people in and, again, it's the fault of private and public employers who won't hire Negroes even after they get an education in their own colleges.

It's the fault of every living person, it seemed to me, who looks down upon a Negro and forgets that the same God who created him created the Negro, and created him to His own image and likeness, forgets that only God's understandable goodness kept Him from deciding to blacken our own skins and put us into a world where people whose luck had been better would discriminate against us.

It's the fault of so many people, I decided, that it would be a waste of time looking for those who are not at fault—time that could be better spent trying to find a way of living which would mean that when our turn came to be laid out we could have someone around to look at us with the good pride and broken heart with which George's "Missus" looked at him.

I didn't have much to say on the way out.



The Bishop and the "Bishops"

WE EASILY recognize the responsibility of the bishop for the care of the souls of the diocese; St. Augustine recognized the responsibility of the Christian father for the care of the souls of the members of his family by addressing a group of fathers as "My dear brothers and fellow bishops." *Quiz* (Dec. '46).



Attila rides again

RED FLAMES in North China

By PATRICK O'CONNOR, S.S.C.

Condensed from N.C.W.C.*

Father O'Connor was the first foreign correspondent to enter the Mongolian village of Siwantze to obtain an eyewitness account of the events he describes. Other correspondents have traveled to the village since his visit there, and some have written from nearby towns of the massacre.

IN THIS snow-covered North-China town, I have seen communist vengeance written in blood and ashes.

The ruins of the burned cathedral faced us as we entered the town. Men and women wept as they tried to tell of the dead and missing from family circles. Picking my steps through the debris of the burned seminary, I came upon the fullness of Red vengeance in a yard that has been turned into an open-air morgue.

There lay more than 100 corpses, each frozen in the attitude in which he was slain, some partially stripped of clothing. The congealed blood, the sightless eyes, the head wounds inflicted at close range, the rope still binding the arms of one who had been bayoneted—all spell out a lesson in communism. Fifty or more bodies had already been buried. Carts were taking rough coffins from the yard as I stood there. Other bodies may still be lying on near-by mountainsides.

The total of Siwantze dead is esti-

mated at 250, civilians and soldiers. At least 200 were killed in cold blood. Another 140 are prisoners somewhere in the subzero desolation of Mongolia. Three Chinese priests were taken prisoners; one is believed to have been executed.

All has been done in reprisal because Siwantze, 90% Catholic, chose not to accept communism.

I came from Kalgan by the only transportation available, a Chinese army truck, carrying 15 soldiers. A light machine gun was mounted on the driver's cab, as the 35-mile road, a snow-covered track through long, stony valleys, offers many chances for ambushes. It took three and a half hours to reach Siwantze.

Siwantze, also known as Chungli, is one of the oldest Catholic centers in Mongolia, the mother church of six dioceses in this rugged northern territory. Its first record of Catholics dates back more than 200 years. Today Siwantze is headquarters of a diocese staffed by missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, from Scheut, Belgium, and by Chinese clergy. Of 3,400 inhabitants, 3,000 are Catholic.

Communists came to Siwantze after the war and occupied it for a year. Inevitably they found the populace un-

*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, 5, D. C. Jan. 27, 1947.

sympathetic to communism with its materialism and its disregard of natural rights. Disliking Marxism on principle, the people were further repelled by the Reds' actions.

From the start the communists showed themselves hostile to religion. They occupied the Bishop's residence and the seminary buildings. They subjected the church to the *teou cheng*, the trial-by-crowd, charging that the mission owed back pay, back taxes and refunds of rent, and importing intimidated villagers to swell the assemblage. When the priest could not pay the enormous damages assessed, he was put in prison and the church confiscated. The Catholics were then permitted to "buy back" their church.

In preparation for the *teou cheng*, Reds paraded the town, wearing Mass vestments in mockery.

They used the *teou cheng* against several local families. One of the accused was beaten to death at the trial.

Bishop Leon De Smedt of Siwantze, who had been interned by the Japanese during the war, was jailed by the Reds because a copy of Pope Pius XI's encyclical against atheistic communism was found in the boys' school library. Four priests, three of them Chinese, were in prison at the same time. After holding one Chinese priest prisoner for eight months, the Reds killed him and a catechist last September.

Meanwhile the Siwantze people never opposed the Reds actively, though there was no mistaking their unwillingness to co-operate.

Then the Reds had to withdraw from Siwantze before advancing Nationalists. When Nationalist forces entered, the people welcomed them with manifest pleasure. Hearing this, the Reds, never far away, were infuriated. They vowed vengeance and vowed it again when the government troops executed seven partisans who had been "finger men" and oppressors during Red occupation.

Knowing that the communists had threatened to come back, the Siwantze townspeople appealed to the Nationalist general in Kalgan for a garrison. He could spare only some hundreds of inferior troops. He also gave 100 rifles to the people, that they might defend their town, if the Reds attacked. It has long been a custom in the villages of Mongolia, non-Catholic and Catholic, to have arms available for defense.

Then the Reds came, anywhere from 1,000 to 3,000, making a surprise attack at 6 A.M. One of their first shells hit the church. By early afternoon the fight was over and the communists had Siwantze. A few of the garrison and some 20 civilian defenders had been killed. Now reprisals began.

Some civilian defenders were still in the seminary building, which the Reds had occupied for a year and which had not served as a seminary since summer, 1945. The little group joined in saying the Rosary. Then some made a successful dash for safety. Others said that since they were sure to be killed, they preferred to meet death there. The Reds set fire to the

building, and when occupants tried to leave, drove them back.

That night and next day were lurid and bloody. The Reds burned the cathedral, one of the largest churches in North China, piling up the pews to start the blaze and adding firewood later. They kindled a separate fire to destroy the large library, and another in the seminary chapel, and burned the novitiate of native Sisters. They prepared to burn the convent and orphanage of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, but changed their plans. They pillaged the institution, however, taking even the vestments from the little sacristy and the curtains from around the tabernacle. They looted the old men's home and nearly every house, rich and poor.

Men, women, and children had fled to the mountainsides overlooking the town. The Reds rounded up 600, with three priests. From these they selected victims.

Everyone who had accepted any civil position under the Nationalists was summarily executed. One woman was executed apparently because she was the wife of an official. Some Nationalist soldiers who had surrendered were likewise killed. Victims were called out and killed in groups, their bodies being found in a row afterwards. Many soldiers were found shot in the head. The Reds killed some with heavy stones as the indescribable condition of the bodies showed.

Meanwhile a relief force was on its

way from Kalgan. As it approached, the Reds departed, taking their surviving prisoners and wagons, livestock, grain, and clothing seized from the townsfolk.

Their occupation had lasted 48 hours, but the horror of it will long endure. Here is a woman who has lost 12 relatives, of whom five are certainly dead and the rest missing. A widow mourns two sons. Another family has lost three sons. The bodies of 70 Catholics have been identified. Bereaved families faced the bitter Mongolian winter without breadwinners, in looted homes from which food and clothing have been taken.

The Chinese Reds have inflicted reprisals before, though usually on a smaller scale. By large-scale vengeance they have manifested, more openly than ever before, that theirs is a policy of coercion and mass intimidation. They are not just resisting military forces opposing them in the civil war. They have made it clear that destruction and death are penalties for non-acceptance of communism and for noncooperation. The people in Red-occupied areas are not free to retain any opinions, social, political or religious, not in accord with communism.

The Reds are now anywhere from 30 to 60 miles from Siwantze.

The Siwantze Catholics are not wasting time in lamentation or denunciation. They are busy preparing a damaged school hall to serve as a temporary church.



MERRILL'S BRAVEST MARAUDER

By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN



FATHER James Stuart of St. Columban's Foreign Mission society was 30 years old when, on a little dry-cell radio, in the remote hill country of tropical Burma, he heard that the Japanese had struck at Pearl Harbor and Manila and were on the march to Singapore and Rangoon.*

In the seven years since, he rescued scores of refugee children, British and American airmen or paratroopers downed in the jungle; was a prisoner of Chinese soldiers, of Japanese soldiers; was in British military hospitals and American military hospitals as a patient; interpreted for British organizing guerrilla detachments among the natives; taught the American Army jungle warfare; and through it all carried on his ministrations as a missionary and Catholic priest.

Men of Merrill's Marauders who lived to come back home will tell you today that they couldn't believe their eyes in 1944 when they saw a black-haired little figure with gray Irish eyes standing alone in that fearsome jungle, waiting for them. And when they asked who in the blankety-blank he was, he answered simply, "I'm a Catholic priest. I'm Father Stuart."

Merrill's men had not seen a Catholic chaplain for eight months. They

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Jan., 1946, p. 36.

were about to go into bloody battle against the Japanese. The men thronged around Father Stuart; they found a log for him to sit on; and from 5 o'clock until midnight they kept him hearing confessions. Then, last of all, they brought him a man who wanted to be baptized.

"You're from a civilized country. You're a big grown man. You must have been baptized somewhere," objected Father Stuart.

But the man said No; he'd never been one for religion; only during the past months in the jungle, watching his fellows recite the Rosary, under the leadership of one Private Parry, had he experienced a change of heart. Private Parry had instructed him. Father Stuart tried him out, and sure enough, the man had all the catechism answers down reasonably pat. They trailed down through the jungle to a muddy river bank and Father Stuart baptized the man at midnight.

At dawn the Japs attacked. Scores of the men who had knelt in confession the evening before lay dead, among them Private Parry and his convert.

"But what I did was nothing," says Father Stuart. "The real hero with Merrill's Marauders was Father Fleming. He went to Myitkyina with the engineers. He was through the blood-

est fighting, and many a wounded man he brought back from under fire. His men used to want to get where they could touch him as he went past, because they thought him a hero and a saint. They had lost two chaplains with that outfit already: Father Bard died first, and then Father Pulaski. And in the end, when the fighting was over and the decorations being passed out, Father Fleming was at death's door himself in Ledo hospital. No man did more than he did, giving last rites and hearing confessions under fire. He should have had the highest decoration they give in the American Army."

That's Father Stuart's opinion of Father Fleming of Springfield, Mass. Would you like to hear what Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill, commander of the American infantry troops in Northern Burma, said about Father James Stuart?

"Father Stuart is the bravest man I ever met," said General Merrill of Merrill's Marauders, who ought to know something about brave men.

Father Stuart just landed in Boston from India, on his way home to his native Ireland to visit his mother before he goes back to the hills of Burma and his Kachin tribesmen.

"Merrill's Marauders used to gripe now and then in the jungle," he said. "The GIs would say they had been 18 or 20 months in the jungle and they were entitled to a rotation leave home to America. I'd tell them, is that so? Well, in my branch of the service, we spend 96 months straight without

leave, in the jungle—but it's worth it. We get sent to Ireland for reward!"

Born in County Derry, Ireland, educated at St. Columban's seminary there, ordained in December, 1935, Father Stuart went out to Burma in 1936, one of eight priests under Msgr. Patrick Usher, to establish the first St. Columban's missions in the interior of Burma.

Away at the back of Burma is some very wild jungle and hill country, in which live the Kachin tribesmen. They are not Chinese nor Burmese but a very primitive people. Father Stuart was one of the young priests set to learning the language and making acquaintance with the Kachins. He and young Father Dunlea went into the "triangle," country so wild it has no name except "the triangle between the two rivers north of Myitkyina."

"To pronounce that," says Father Stuart kindly, "you merely remember that in Ireland the word for what you Americans call playing hooky from school is 'mitchin'; you just say mitchk'naw."

Monsignor Usher made the trip in also, so that he'd know where in that wilderness his young priests had built their bamboo hut for a mission station. Back in civilization the monsignor came down with a sickness diagnosed in the hospital as typhoid. Up in Kajitu, Father Stuart came down with the same thing, undiagnosed, and could do nothing about it because he was so busy nursing Father Dunlea, down with the same thing. Finally he lashed Father Dunlea to a stretcher, got

Kachins to carry him, and journeyed four days to Sumprabum, nearest settlement, for aid. But Father Dunlea died. Father Stuart and Father McAlindon went back into the jungle.

In December, 1941, over their radio they heard of Pearl Harbor. They heard, too, that the Japanese striking at Burma were penetrating northward; and in May a message reached them from the British that Burma had been evacuated; could they do anything for an orphanage full of children, whose staff had been evacuated by the military? Father Stuart set out through the jungle for Sumprabum and found 49 refugees, children, women, old folks. The town had been occupied by Chinese troops, retreating before the Japanese. The Chinese arrested Father Stuart, confined him until an interpreter could be found, then restricted him to the orphanage.

Four of his faithful Kachin followers coming to visit him drew fire from the Chinese, who thought the Kachins were Japanese. One of the Kachins was killed. Father Stuart ran out into the field, bade the three Kachins run for their lives, and started to see if the man on the ground was dead. When the Chinese continued to fire, he rolled the body into an air-raid trench, found out the man was past help, but had to stay in the trench under fire until dark.

"Then I got out and buried my friend," says Father Stuart simply.

The Chinese shortly left the village, just as the Japanese entered.

"I was lucky with the Japanese,"

said Father Stuart. "They tried to bribe me, and that gave me something on them, so we got along very well after that. You see, I had the orphanage funds, some 3,000 rupees, and someone told them I had the money. A Japanese lieutenant offered me a 'cut' of 500 rupees to turn the money over to him. Before I got through with that man, he offered me 10 rupees not to tell his major on him. So I took the 10 rupees, to make sure he would remember I had something on him. It didn't buy much rice for the orphans because rice had soared to 60 rupees for a day's ration. But this lieutenant was very respectful to me from then on."

In the meantime, the Kachins kept slipping in from the hills to tell their friend about white men they had found in the jungle, and Father Stuart would tell the Kachins what to do. Right under the noses of the Japanese, he organized the Kachin Intelligence Corps and Underground Railway for British airmen or soldiers adrift in the jungle.

"Finally the Japs moved out, too, after about three months, and I got some elephants and moved my orphans and our rescued military, hidden around in the jungle, up to Fort Hertz, the nearest British outpost."

Father Stuart speaks as nonchalantly of getting a herd of elephants as of picking up a taxi on Broadway. But when he got his motley crew of refugees to the fort, by elephant, the children and Indian women were so afraid of airplanes that they would not be flown back to India without the padre.

That's how Father James Stuart, the little Irishman, landed in Simla and (he never tells this, but it is on record) was decorated by the government with the Order of the British Empire for his heroic work in saving all the refugees and British soldiers. And at Simla, Colonel Eifler of the American O.S.S. heard about this gray-eyed, black-haired priest whom all the wild tribesmen of the hills followed implicitly.

Father Stuart wanted to get back to his Kachin people. The military just plain kidnaped him. They said they wouldn't fly him back until he told them how to live and travel in the jungle, how to avoid the Japanese and how to enlist the cooperation of the Kachins.

When Father Stuart went back, he was still just a plain little Catholic missionary in a squadron of picked American paratroopers who were going to organize the Kachin people in the jungle, while back in India the slow work of building the famed Ledo road went forward, a yard at a time. Father Stuart was the only one who spoke Kachin. He was the only one for whom the Kachin tribesmen would come out of their jungle hiding places to parley. After he had explained it all to them, the Kachins volunteered on the American side. Long before the Ledo road came through, a battalion of Kachin tribesmen had done marvelous defensive work against the Japanese.

Just for an idea of what that job meant, Father Stuart was asked to go

as interpreter with a soldier who had had two years top training in commando and paratrooper tactics. They started on an 11-day journey through the jungle infested with boa constrictors, tigers, wild elephants, poisonous plants, horrible leeches and—here and there—Japanese troops.

After two days the soldier turned back. He said it was an impossible trip. Father Stuart just said, "Well, the Kachins are expecting us. I think I'll go on." He traveled alone the other nine days and reached his objective.

"I guess I was most useful in the radio translation," says Father Stuart. "You see, the Kachins have no written language; so we outfitted them with portable transmitters and taught them code in Kachinese. The Americans did not speak Kachinese; so when the reports came in, I'd have to interpret them.

"It's quite a story why the Kachins have no written language. They used to tell it to me, in their villages before the war. When the world was made, the Creator held distribution days and all the peoples had to come. So the word went out, and the Chinese and Indians and Siamese and everyone gathered, and the Kachins came too; and the Creator gave each people a parchment. But the Kachins had a long journey home, and got hungry and decided the parchment would make a good stew, and they ate it.

"By and by they saw all the peoples going by to distribution day, so they trailed along. When the day came, all the Chinese and Indians and everyone

brought out big baskets, and the Creator heaped them with blessings, food and gold and such. But the Kachins had no baskets and got no riches.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other peoples. 'You ate your writing, so you didn't know it told us to bring baskets!'

"But finally, for a third time, the peoples gathered, and this time the Kachins didn't mean to be caught short, so they all carried baskets. But this time the Creator was dealing out evils and hardships. So the Kachins were the only ones with baskets, and they got

the most evils for their share. And ever since that they cannot read nor write, and are very poor, and have lots of evils to combat. At least that's what their old men tell them."

So Father Stuart went on his rounds through the jungle among his people, and he translated and interpreted between his Kachins and the O.S.S. advance posts in the jungle until March, 1944. Then a Kachin runner came to tell him that lots of American soldiers were advancing towards Myitkyina. Father Stuart walked through the jungle to meet them.



The Paschal Candle



THE blessing of a candle of exceptional size on Holy Saturday is a rite of the Church which goes back at least to the 4th century. The candle typifies Christ, "the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." The virgin wax symbolizes the pure flesh which Christ derived from His blessed Mother; the wick, His human soul; the flame, the divinity of the Second Person of the Trinity.

The five grains of incense forming a cross on the candle recall the five wounds retained in Christ's glorified body and the lighting of the candle is a lively image of the resurrection.

In modern times the candle's size has been more or less standardized but in the 16th century some paschal candles were enormous. At Salisbury cathedral in 1517 the candle was 36 feet high. In 1558 at Westminster Abbey "300 weight of wax" was used. In England the great candles were usually melted down after being used in blessing the baptismal font on the eve of Pentecost and made into smaller candles to be used at the funerals of the poor.

A Church is a Symbol

By WILLIAM A. STYLES

Condensed from the *Companion**



RELIGIOUS symbolism means giving outward things or actions inner meanings. Because symbolism is essential to every kind of external worship, the Church has borrowed symbols from all periods and nations.

Religious symbolism was deeply rooted in the lives of primitive and medieval Catholics, when it exercised powerful influence on church architecture. All divisions of the sacred building, ornamentation, lines, colors, and images, obtained a sacred meaning when adapted to God's service. St. Francis of Assisi envied the very stones of the sanctuary walls because they surrounded their Creator in the tabernacle.

The first principle observed in the erection of a Catholic church is one of orientation. That is to say, the main axis of the building should run due east and west so that the high altar is placed where the sun rises, with the entrance opposite. This is the so-called "holy line" prescribed in church architecture. Liturgical worship always takes the East as the emblem of the light of the Gospel, the starting point of the Sun of Grace, which rises every morning in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Tradition, too, says that the Sa-

viour, dying on Calvary, had His face turned from Jerusalem on the east. The faithful, standing in front of Him at Mass, are to the west of the holy mount of suffering, facing east.

The ground plan of a church, with its two oblong parts joined into one well-defined unit, represents the union of the Old and New Testaments into one divine Revelation, as well as the outstretched Saviour on the cross. The church tower represents the Apostles pointing to heaven with arms of stone, while its height is symbolic of high authority. Following the original partition of the Church into militant, suffering and triumphant sections, the Middle Ages divided their edifices into an atrium, nave and sanctuary, or, as they expressed it symbolically, into purgatory, earth and heaven, respectively, indicating the places allotted to public penitents, the faithful, and clergy.

The people stand in the nave, implying the union of all the faithful in the Church militant, the bark of Peter, in which the Apostles were safe at all times, even when confronted with storms. The sanctuary symbolizes a triumphant heaven with Christ seated upon His throne, where He is surrounded and adored by His heavenly

*Mount St. Francis, Ind. January, 1947.

court, here represented by the clergy.

Symbolism confronts the onlooker on the very threshold of the church with the door symbolic of the Saviour, who said, "I am the door. By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." In its spiritual aspect the door is emblematic of Christ, in its material aspect it is the emblem of safety against outside attacks; and, when opened, an invitation for all to enter. The church floor is symbolic of the faith that supports all Catholics.

A 13th-century symbolist characterized the principle underlying the material construction of a church in the following words, "The church is the house of the Lord, strongly built and resting on the foundation of Apostles and Prophets, with Christ Himself as the cornerstone preserving all in proper strength and form. The remaining mass of stones constituting the edifice is symbolic of the number of the faithful united into one spiritual body within the church."

Church windows are symbolic of the Holy Scriptures and of the writings of the Fathers, which admit the glorious light of God's true sun, and at the same time protect the faithful. The symbolism of the vaulted roof has undergone several changes in keeping with the form of the structure. In the primitive days of Christianity the wooden roof rested on tie beams, which were considered symbolic of the Doctors of the Church who showed themselves as her powerful protectors. With Gothic architecture, the entire vaulting symbolizes heaven.

The proper location of the pulpit is on the Gospel side, for the preacher announces the Gospel. The symbolism of its decoration considers it as the mountain on which our Saviour taught the multitude. Hence we often find upon a pulpit representations of the Sermon on the Mount, of the four Evangelists, and the four cardinal and three theological virtues as the main theme for all preaching.

The confessional in its present form, dating back to the 17th century, is without any traditional symbolism. When it is decorated with statuary, we find the images of saints particularly connected with the sacrament of Penance, as, for instance, St. Peter, who first received the power of the keys, and St. John Nepomucene, first martyr to the seal of confession. Lastly, as the highest symbol of the divine love for sinful man, various scenes from the passion and death of our Lord find frequent presentation as ornaments on confessionals.

The altar is divided into an upper and lower part. The lower part, constituting the real altar, is consecrated by the bishop; it consists of the steps, the height and table, with the sepulcher for relics. The upper portion of an altar is of less importance, though containing the tabernacle and the places for the crucifix and candles. In the primitive Church, Mass was celebrated in the catacombs on the graves of martyrs; hence the Church law prescribing that every altar shall contain a receptacle enclosing relics of martyrs.

As we view an altar, we find it is

erected on an elevation, a symbol of the mountain of suffering where Christ, the High Priest of the New Law, offered Himself in bloody sacrifice. The three steps usually leading to the altar have the symbolic meaning that Mass is offered in the name of the Blessed Trinity. The precise spot of

oblation is the altar table, particularly the consecrated altar stone, symbolizing Christ, who made Himself both corner and keystone of the Church. Five crosses, hewn into the stone slab, symbolize the five wounds of the Saviour, with the central cross denoting the wound in our Lord's side.



A Name for a Canyon

FATHER JUAN CRESPI was not as happy as he wanted to be those warm July days of the year 1769. The overland expedition from the Port of San Diego to the evasive Port of Monterey had been a constant source of grief and trouble to all the members of the party—soldiers, priests, Indians alike.

Father Juan acted as navigator and historian for the party, but in bringing converts into the faith he had been unsuccessful. Surely, he thought, in all this vast wilderness, there must be one soul to whom he could bring God's word. But if there was, that soul was proving to be as elusive as the Port of Monterey.

One morning, as the camp prepared for the day's march, an Indian wandered by. He happened to mention that there were two sick baby girls in the Indian village ahead. Father Juan listened eagerly, hastily gathered his belongings, urging the others to hurry after him. Soon he reached the village, and found the two babies ill with pneumonia—dying—surrounded by unutterable squalor. In his own words Father Juan has related how he "begged the woman to allow me to wash the head of the child, so that, in case it should die, it would go to heaven." The mothers shook their heads violently, but at last one did consent to the strange ritual.

Tenderly, Father Juan cleansed the baby's head, and then baptized her Maria Magdalena. The other mother, who had been holding her feverish child close to her, suddenly thrust the child towards Father Juan. This baby received the name Margarita.

The legendary site of the first Baptisms administered in California has been named affectionately *Los Cristianitos Cañon*, The Canyon of the Little Christians.

Hazel McGinnis.

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SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE	Jan.	94	Vatican Information Office	Dec.	25
U. S. at the Vatican	March	103	War Waifs	Dec.	82
Shinto Sunset	Dec.	8	We Bombed a Leper Colony	Dec.	90
Sign Language and a Priest	Nov.	50	Watchtower Zealots	Feb.	35
<i>Slow Dawning</i> (Howes)	Dec.	34	We Bombed a Leper Colony	Dec.	90
Snowflake Scientist	Jan.	4	Weda Yap, Catholic Artist	Jan.	36
Soldiers Who Mocked Christ, The	March	32	We Sing the Mass	Dec.	73
Solid South and Frozen North	March	39	What Russian Children are Taught	April	58
<i>South American Zoo</i> (Von Hagen)	Dec.	22	Why Clare Boothe Luce Went Home	March	8
Soviet Peace	Jan.	60	Women's Hats—or Are They?	Nov.	83
Spain, Light on	Jan.	10	Year With a Turtle, A	April	93
<i>Speaking of Cardinals</i> (Morgan)	March, 42; April	28	YUGOSLAVIA, How Terror Rules	Feb.	100
Spellman, Cardinal	April	28	Behind the Iron Curtain	Nov.	44
<i>Spirit of Catholicism</i> (Adam)	April	40	Behind the Yugoslav Curtain	March	66
SPORTS			Case of Archbishop Stepinac, The	Dec.	3
Beaudry Chose to Run	April	36	Priest Stepinac, The	Feb.	89
Mighty Kilrain, The	Nov.	23	Primer for Totalitarians	Dec.	43
Staff of Life, The	Nov.	67			

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Bonaventure, Saint. *BREVILOQUIUM*; Translated by Erwin Esser Nemmers. St. Louis: Herder. 248 pp. \$3. St. Bonaventure was the great Franciscan friend and contemporary of St. Thomas Aquinas. This clear summary of the Christian religion, written in Latin about 1257, was never before translated.

Duckett, Eleanor Shipley. *ANGLO-SAXON SAINTS AND SCHOLARS*. New York: Macmillan. 488 pp. \$5. Men of 7th and 8th-century England: Aldhelm, Wilfrid, Bede, Boniface. The island's morning light of faith, learning, and articulate love of friends and home, in an age which even to Chaucer was ancient.

Du Noüy, Lecomte. *HUMAN DESTINY*. New York: Longmans, 289 pp. \$3.50. With this book and a pair of dice, you can refute scientifically anyone with a materialistic concept of life.

Hubbard, Margaret Ann. *FLIGHT OF THE SWAN; a Novel Based on the Life of Hans Christian Andersen*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 310 pp. \$3. The ugly duckling, a Danish boy who had to flee ill-treatment in his native town to realize his ambition of greatness. Key to his life found in fairy stories he thought of no account.

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC, 1947; John Kieran, editor. Garden City: Doubleday. 1,014 pp. \$2. New encyclopedic annual of general information and statistics: sports, science, books, art, religion, industry, and the year's events. Commendable for summary articles, legible print, thorough index.

Iselin, Fred, & Sectorsky, A. C. *INVITATION TO SKIING*. New York: Simon and Schuster. 170 pp., illus. \$3. Excellent beginner's book, with instructions adapted to American skiing.

Maynard, Theodore. *COLLECTED POEMS*; Introduction by Alfred Noyes. New York: Macmillan. 222 pp. \$3.50. Author draws his inspiration from his native India, England, America, and his Catholic faith. Light style, with themes serious and humorous.

Parente, Pascal P. *THE MYSTICAL LIFE*. St. Louis: Herder. 272 pp. \$2.50. Mysticism as a stage in the life of prayer is seldom well understood. As a form of union with God in this life, its outlines are presented here for priest, psychologist, and the general inquirer.

Robles, Oswaldo. *THE MAIN PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY; an Introduction to Philosophy*; Translated by Kurt F. Reinhardt. Among scholastic surveys of philosophy, this work originating in Mexico is noteworthy for evaluations given to modern thinkers and systems outside the Catholic tradition.

Schlesinger, Arthur M. *LEARNING HOW TO BEHAVE: a Historical Study of American Etiquette Books*. New York: Macmillan. 95 pp. \$2. Ups and downs of manners as a tail to the nation's kite. Amusing account of influence exerted by European taste, republicanism, sudden wealth, crowded city living, sales technique, and the good-neighbor policy.

Watt, Nevile. *THE VISION SPLENDID*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 165 pp. \$2. Essays in praise of poetry. Its nature and value; relationships with fiction, science, childhood, and the English character. A schoolmaster's appreciations based on long years with boys and books.